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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

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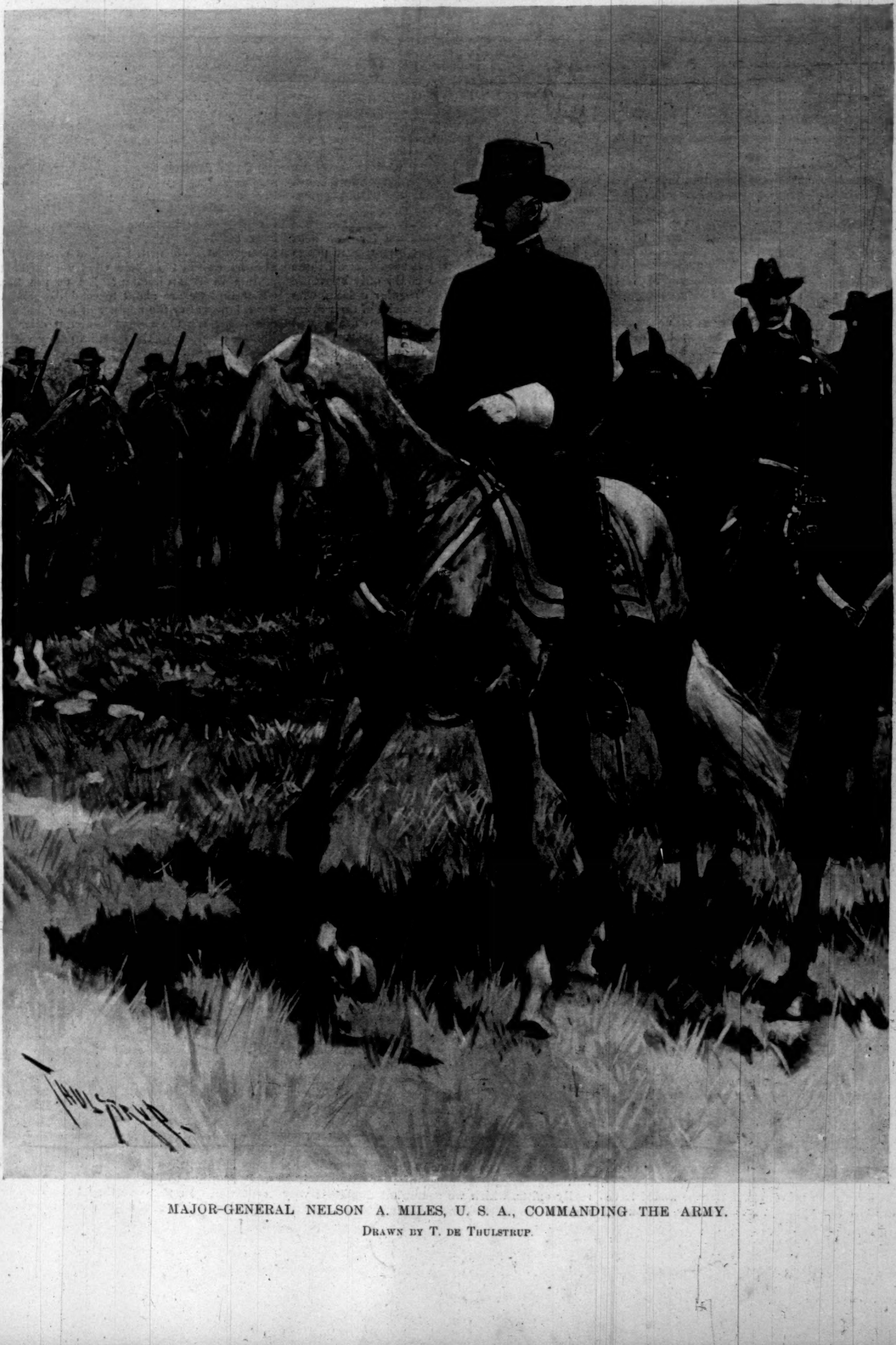


MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A., COMMANDING THE ARMY.
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 9, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN,	JOHN FOX, JR.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	AND OTHERS.

Mr. Fox *and* Mr. Remington *are now with* General Shafter's *Army*, Messrs. Millet, Bass, *and* Davis *are on their way to the Philippines*. Mr. Hunt *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. Martin *at St. Thomas.*

WE are very much afraid that the action of the Senate Appropriations Committee, in refusing to insert an item appropriating $50,000 to defray the expenses of the joint commission to be appointed for the settlement of questions at issue between the United States and Canada, is significant. We believe that the people of the United States are eager to meet half-way the friendly manifestations of Great Britain towards this country, and that they favor the settlement of our issues with Canada, but we fear that pressure must once more be brought to bear upon the Senate, in order that it may not disgrace us by placing the country in the position of repelling the advances of the one power in Europe which has been our friend in our present trouble. In the mean time the British commissioners have been appointed, and they are among the most distinguished men in the empire. They are Lord-High-Chancellor Herschell, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Louis Henry Davies, and Mr. John Charlton.

We ought to be thankful to the violent and abusive newspapers of Germany, which have insulted us with the vehemence and the vituperations of Spaniards, for they have called forth a noble letter from Mr. Carl Schurz to *Die Nation*, of Berlin, which is another of that eminent German-American's contributions to the welfare of his adopted country. Mr. Schurz, we have no doubt, expresses the sentiments of the Germans who are citizens of this country, and who have already rendered it most excellent service, in sounding a note of warning to the Jingoes of their native land, who apparently are under the absurd impression that the German-American is not a patriotic American. This is what Mr. Schurz says, however, and Mr. Schurz knows whereof he speaks better, probably, than any other living man:

> German-Americans are proud of their new father land, and know how to appreciate its advantages and great qualities. Now that war is going on, they stand with their new country. Its friends are their friends, and its enemies their enemies.

Notwithstanding the occasional outbursts of theatrical heroics in Spain, when men of politics seek to placate the Carlists and other hotheads by declaring that Spain will fight to the death, there is evidently a movement there for peace. And this movement is strongest in that part of Spain which is most modern—that is, that part which is industrious. The Chamber of Commerce of Barcelona is in accord with the friends of peace in the same city in wishing an end to the war. Not only are many thousands of working-men out of employment on account of the suspension of industry, but commerce is paralyzed. In other words, the elements of superiority which Cataluña possesses over the rest of the Spanish peninsula are sorely wounded, and either there must be a speedy peace or the thriving people of the eastern coast must become what other Spaniards are. There is no more active enemy of war than commerce, whose peaceful ends increase the brotherhood of nations, because those ends depend upon international friendship, and are destroyed by international enmities. The industrials of the eastern provinces find strong allies in the indifference of the people of most of the other provinces, and especially in the hardships that are now beginning to be felt cruelly throughout the kingdom. War might have been prevented if Europe would have guaranteed the dynasty. This means, of course, that the politicians who compose the government, and those who composed the last government, and those who will compose the succeeding one, know that war with this country means ruin to Spain, and they are continuing it, as they entered upon it, merely through fear of a revolution at home if they do not uphold that ephemeral thing known as "Spanish honor." Therefore if the politicians can now persuade the army to do what the powers refused to do, to guaranty the Queen-Regent and her son, or the latter alone, there may be an application for peace at any time.

There is no desire on our part to lessen in the smallest degree the great credit that is due the volunteer soldiers, and which is always theirs whenever the country engages in war, for our citizens make good soldiers quickly. Crying injustice, however, is done to the regular army by the press and the war correspondents, as well as by the politicians. The country has received splendid service from the regular army in every war, and our officers who have won the greatest distinction have, in most instances, been the graduates of West Point. These instructed soldiers show their education at the very outset of the war, and while the volunteers are learning the wisdom of prudence by hard experience, the regulars are practising it. To read the accounts of the battle on the heights of Sevilla, one would think that none but the "Rough Riders" had been engaged in it, but the regulars were doing just as effective work, and doing it in a more businesslike and prudent way. We would not for a moment wish that any word which has been said in praise of the volunteers had been left unsaid, but if those who are writing of this war could only know the bitter discouragement of the regular officers, who devote their whole lives to the service of their country, due to the manner in which they are treated by the newspapers and the politicians, we think they would dwell a little more on the deeds of the regulars. It is not in human nature to remain content under such injustice as is habitually done to the regular army. We know, of course, why politicians and their favorites succeed in securing commissions for themselves and their civilian relatives and friends in preference to deserving soldiers, but why is it that the newspapers and their correspondents refuse to give credit to the regulars? It will not cause the volunteers any grief, we know, if their professional brethren receive what they earn. Why not be just to the American soldier whether he be serving the country permanently or temporarily?

The letter which Governor Black has written explaining his reasons for not calling into the field the Seventh, Twenty-third, and Seventy-fourth regiments of the National Guard of this State is most excellent. It is a pity that it could not have been written before the first call was responded to, because it is absolutely true that many men went to the front under that call who should not have gone. They were influenced generally by the fear of what would be said of them by their comrades in the militia if they staid at home. Now it is true that the militia is not organized for the purpose of going to war in foreign parts, and the men who join militia regiments do not contemplate such service when they enlist. They know that they are liable for service for the Federal government within the country, and for the suppression of domestic insurrection within the State. Beyond that the terms of their service do not extend, and there was no more obligation to volunteer resting upon a militia-man, under the first or second call, than rested upon any private citizen within the required ages. Under the circumstances of the call, however, great pressure was brought to bear upon the members of the various regiments, which some of the weaker among them did not have the courage to resist. Therefore some men have gone off leaving their families unprovided for, while others have endangered their own future prosperity by throwing up business engagements which gave them their whole substance. If this were a war in which the life of the nation was involved, the question would be different; but as it is not, Governor Black is right in saying that he will not issue a call which may force into the service men who ought to remain at home, and who would therefore go unwillingly. Nothing more demoralizing to the service itself can be conceived than the presence of a large number of men in the ranks who ought to be at home, and who feel that they are violating personal and domestic obligations simply under the influence of a weak regard for a sentiment within their organizations which—if it really exists, which we somewhat doubt—is very unjust.

One of the most effective speeches against the annexation of Hawaii was made by that veteran Republican, Senator Morrill of Vermont. It is worthy of careful study, and if the question of annexation is to come into the practical politics of the year it will doubtless be widely distributed throughout the country. Let us not make any mistake about the meaning of this movement. If we enter into it, let us enter into it with our eyes open, and with a complete understanding of all that it signifies. By annexing Hawaii we are adopting a colonial policy, and are making almost necessary, at least almost inevitable, the retention of the Philippine Islands and Puerto Rico, while our retention of Cuba will only be prevented by our solemn promise that the Cubans should establish their own government. Even that promise may not be kept, in the intensity of the feeling in favor of increasing our territory that will follow the inauguration of that policy. As Senator Morrill points out, this will end the Monroe doctrine. We have insisted, and our insistence has been accepted by Great Britain as within the proper sphere of our action, that European governments shall not interfere with any people on this hemisphere who are governing themselves. If now we ourselves interfere with distant peoples in the Pacific, preventing them from establishing their own governments, and taking over, as we do in the Newlands resolution, the full government of a foreign people, a majority of whom are unwilling to come within our jurisdiction, with what logic and with what consistency can we warn Europe from interference in the affairs of this hemisphere? If we have the right to govern other people against their will, why has not every other nation the right to exercise whatever power it may possess in that direction? Let us not imagine, either, that we are about to establish self-governing colonies after the manner of the great English colonies. We are simply contemplating the deliberate adoption of the colonial policy which was England's until we taught her to abandon it, which is that of France and Germany, and which is, moreover, that which has roused our indignation and led us into a war with Spain. Our annexationists are for governing other people, not for permitting other people to free themselves from Spanish rule to govern themselves. This colonial policy which we overthrew, and in overthrowing which we laid the foundation of the greatness of England's colonies of to-day, not only costs the governments of France and Germany immense sums of money, but leads to no amelioration of the human race, and does not even provide a home for emigrating Frenchmen or Germans. So far as Spain is concerned, the effect of this colonial policy is seen in the war which we are now waging against her. We are contemplating the taking up of this old and discredited colonial policy, not, as is pretended, for the purpose of increasing and enlarging and ennobling our national life, but for purely commercial ends—for trade, and all the corruption which is implied in the intimate association of trade and government. We do not believe for a moment that the people of this country would deliberately vote for such a policy.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM IN WAR.

WHATEVER Spain may think as to her honor, whether it be satisfied or not, it is clear that neither in courage nor in intelligence are her navy and army capable of coping successfully with the sailors and soldiers of the United States. These have added new names to the list of our national heroes, and new glories to our constellation of victories. It has been the fashion to say that long years of peace and commercialism have sapped the spiritual virtues of our people, and that so engrossed have we been in the arts of money-making, so corrupted have we become in consequence of the partnership which interested persons have succeeded in establishing between the government and private business interests, that the war spirit and the war courage have gone out of our blood. It was the habit of the superficial diplomats which the Continental nations of Europe are accustomed to send to Washington to sneer at us, as the French have sneered at the English, as a nation of "shopkeepers," and immediately before the breaking out of the present war these gentlemen filled the drawing-rooms of the capital with the prediction that there would be no war, because the Yankees were too fond of money to fight. But the prophets of cowardice are now seeing their mistake, just as the French ought to have recognized their mistake long ago on the field of Waterloo.

The American people in arms are fighting as they have always fought, and as they will probably continue to fight whenever they make or accept war. In this war they have already given abundant evidence of a wonderful morale, a steadiness of heart, a coolness of head, and, above all, of a fervid patriotism. On sea and land these men of arms of ours have gone into action with the dash, the discipline, and the cautiousness of old campaigners. Only once has there been a question raised as to the self-possession or self-restraint of any of our men who have met the enemy, and that in the battle of Sevilla Heights, where there may have been a little recklessness and a too eager push forward, not at all surprising when we consider the freshness of the command and the eagerness shown by both officers and men to fight. But, on the other hand, there was so much glory won in that hard struggle by and for those who were in it, for the American name, for all of us, that the excess of enthusiasm, if there was any, is worthy of mention only to forestall a criticism that might be invited by what would appear as too liberal praise to such minds as often miss the splendor of a perfect night in their analysis of the revelations of a spectroscope. We owe this explanation to the "Rough Riders" who fought in those fearful woods where bullets rushed from mysterious shadows, because we would not by any apparent minuteness of ignorance on our part have their demerits discussed by critics who might be silent were they warned in advance that slight spots on a glorious life are invisible not only to the generous but to the truly appreciative eye. From Manila to Guantanamo and Sevilla Heights our sailors and soldiers have done their duty in obedience to skilful and altogether worthy officers. DEWEY's entrance into the harbor of Manila was itself one of those splendid examples of intelligent and brave temerity that mark the men capable of them as the geniuses of war. The deed of courage which was performed by HOBSON and his men is but a conspicuous example of the conduct of our sea and land forces on every occasion that has been presented to them. The cable-cutting at Cardenas and elsewhere, the reconnoissances under fire, the eagerness manifested by every one of our fighting souls—all these, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, make the sinking of the *Merrimac* part of a great drama which lifts up the heart and head of every American citizen.

For, believe as we may have done concerning the wisdom of the war, this eager courage to carry the flag into the heart of an enemy's country, to plant it above his sinking ships and his crumbling forts, this rush after the colors to the very death, this recklessness of life, this wonderful enthusiasm and joy in battle, are the phenomena of a deep and abiding patriotism, of a love of country as strong and as hot as that which ever possessed any people in this nineteen-century-old world. We will go further than this, for our belief is that this love of country is more generally felt, more widely distributed, here than in any other land in the modern world. The American citizen, whether he be born of English forebears or not, whether he be born here or elsewhere, is defending his own political power, is vindicating his own right to exercise political power, when he arms himself for the defence of his government. This heterogeneous race of what our delightful and courteous foes call "Yankee pigs" is not so heterogeneous when the real meaning and character of the republic are considered. We may not be men of one blood, but we are men of one mind. We may have been born under despotisms or constitutional monarchies or pretended republics, but we live in a true republic, we possess a democracy, and it is as certain as that men will continue to be governed that our democracy will remain regnant, because both those who are the offspring of the men who established it on the basis of the English democracy, and those who have come under its benignant power, who grow in grace by means of its kindly developing force, will always insist on its maintenance.

These people of different origins have a common purpose and a common destiny, and each man thinking himself worthy of the company of kings is not only more self-respectful and more self-confident than subject people, even when these have the most glorious traditions for the nourishment of their national pride, but necessarily has also more respect and love for the government of which he is part, which has been so rich in performance for him, and is so rich in promise for his descendants. This nation does not receive its character from the parents of its citizens, but from the institutions which have filled the world with the glory of English-speaking peoples; which have brought liberty into the cottage, and have applied the limitations and restraints of the golden rule to the palace; which have put the people's happiness above the prince's profit; which have established a common justice for the ruler and the ruled; and which have prospered humanity by unshackling the genius of the individual. These institutions and the aspirations that are born of them make America and Americans; and when the government, which is the creature and defender of these institutions, demands the service of its people, it addresses the patriotism of men who love it as they love themselves and their families. The old world never made a greater mistake than in supposing that the republic does not have the love of its own rulers because the grandfathers of many of the rulers were not born here. Its cynics and its false prophets are learning the truth now—learning that the patriotism of America is such that, when the direful occasion comes, the citizen becomes an energetic, courageous, and intelligent soldier, the like of whose associated qualities cannot be found in European armies. This is the great truth shown by the war as it has thus far progressed, a revelation which may work wonders in a world ready for almost any teaching of democracy. And all who love America for the virtues which are hers, and for the virtues which she breeds, will never wish her less of patriotism in war, but always more of the patriotism resting on the broad foundations of her peaceful and habitual achievements.

THE "NEW POLICY."

THOSE were weighty and well-chosen words in which Mr. CLEVELAND, in addressing a school in New Jersey, deprecated what it appears that General MERRITT was erroneously reported as calling the "new policy" of the United States. It is not against extension and annexation, it is against "foreign conquest and unnatural extension or annexation" that the ex-President protests as "dangerous perversions of our national mission." That expression may be taken to mean that we cannot safely assume control of any communities which we cannot assimilate, or of any in which we cannot discern the promise and potency at least of self-government. We have been employed in assimilating an amount of foreign immigration the like of which no other nation has undertaken to absorb in the history of the world. Our success has, upon the whole, been wonderful. If not in the first generation, then in the second, European immigration has been really assimilated into American citizenship. We have had our troubles even with this. With immigration not European we have not succeeded. Asiatic immigration we have excluded, in spite of solemn treaties. African immigration we have encouraged avowedly as that of an inferior and subject race, not meant to be assimilated, not held fit for citizenship. The negro problem is with us yet. He would be a man more bold than wise who should pretend that he even foresaw its solution. And now an increasing party is demanding that we should add to the chronic negro question a chronic Philippine question and a chronic Hawaiian question.

The increase of the German fleet in Manila Bay until it outclasses our own is an indication of the troubles which this party is inviting with European powers by taking a hand in the European game of grab. The spectacle of France cowed by its huge army into acquiescing in a perversion of justice which constitutes a national disgrace is an indication of the troubles we are preparing for ourselves at home, and the danger we are inviting for our own institutions if we prepare the huge armaments that are needed to defend distant possessions. Our best friends abroad urge us not to abandon the path which we have found to be that of peace and of unexampled prosperity for a vague dream of empire. Mr. BRYCE months ago contributed his share to that full and fair discussion of the annexation of Hawaii in consequence of which the project was beaten and abandoned. He wisely and temperately pointed out to us what grave risks we incurred, and what inadequate and trivial compensations we should receive for those risks. Only the other day JOHN MORLEY, at Leeds, expressed in earnest words the hope of our best friends in England, that we would not, by insisting upon gaining what Spain should lose, voluntarily subject ourselves to the burdens and perils of that militarism to which the nations of Europe are condemned. The men who are recognized as the representatives of the sober sense of the United States, such men as ex-President CLEVELAND in one party, and Speaker REED in the other, warn us against "unnatural" extensions to which our system of government cannot be applied. They point us to the fact that our national honor is involved, that we have solemnly pledged ourselves that this war is not to be, on our part, a war of conquest and aggrandizement, and that it would be a pitiful quibble, worthy of a Spanish theologian, to pretend that the pledge did not include the Philippines as well as the Antilles. All these things go for nothing simply because the Spanish fleet in the Pacific was destroyed in Manila Bay and not in the open sea. A Senator of the United States declares, amid applause, that, notwithstanding all these things, the American flag shall not be lowered in any place in which it has once floated "by the consent of the governed or the right of conquest," and the convention of the President's party in the President's State undertakes to make this sentiment an article of party faith.

Where have all the qualities gone upon which we have been wont to pride ourselves as Americans—good sense, good faith, love of justice, love of peace? Can a single naval victory destroy the national character of the victors? We have been for months deriding German imperialism, which is, in fact, a pinchbeck imitation "made in Germany" of the genuine British article. But it is good sense itself in comparison with American imperialism. It is true that the population of Germany cannot expand to the extent of its requirements within its own territory, and that there is a constant outflow of emigration which it may be desirable, if it be possible, to divert to German possessions, though in that Germany has as yet had no success. It is true also, that the trade of Germany even more conspicuously needs room for expansion. New fields would be opened for it by a colonial expansion upon the seventeenth-century basis of exclusive trade, which England alone has entirely abandoned, and to which Spain alone has fully adhered, with the results, in each case, that we see. But what have these considerations to do with us?

> No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is ours.

Instead of having to dispose of a surplus population, we are still the favorite field for emigrants from the overcrowded countries of Europe. Why should a nation possessing a half-filled and half-tilled continent be reaching out for colonial possessions, in imitation of an overcrowded island which must import two-thirds of its food-supply to keep alive, or of a military empire which yearly loses hundreds of thousands of its people by emigration? Why should we burden ourselves with a huge army and a tremendous navy, and not merely a consular but a proconsular system, in emulation of less favored lands? It is true that our trade would need and find new markets, if it were allowed by law to do so, and that the present war gives us an opportunity to take order that we shall be admitted to many new markets on equal terms with other nations. But to expand our trade abroad, the first step is to strike the shackles from it at home. With what face can we demand an "open door" in Asia and Polynesia while on both coasts we are slamming the doors in the face of the foreigner? What basis in reason or in righteousness is there, in a word, for the "new policy" of colonial expansion or imperialism? That is the question which it behooves every American to ask himself in view of the new adjustment of parties which is coming over the new issue. Upon the answer to it will depend the future of the republic. Such answers to it as have thus far been returned indicate that in the new political alignment most of the sober, conscientious, patriotic American citizens will be upon one side, and all the boys and all the blatherskites on the other.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, June 25.—After yesterday's engagement at La Guasima, near Sevilla, the Spanish forces retreated towards Santiago; the "Rough Riders" and their companions of the regular cavalry (volunteers and regulars both dismounted, as already mentioned in the "Diary") rested, and buried their dead at the crest of the hill so gallantly won; Sevilla, abandoned by the enemy, was occupied by General Chaffee's command, and our outposts were still further advanced, as the following despatches show:

To General Shafter:

I have just seen two negro boys who left Santiago this morning (Saturday). They report that the soldiers and citizens are very short of food. The soldiers and officers have seized all the food in the shops. They are killing young horses for food, and in the hospitals are subsisting on bread made of rice flour. Three Spanish generals took part in the fight at Sevilla yesterday. Five wagon-loads of wounded were carried into Santiago, and many other wounded got there on horses or afoot. We can see Morro Castle and the flag very distinctly from our position. The Cubans confirm the reports as to the fine character of the fortifications around the city. Seven lines of barbed wire are stretched around the trenches. The Spaniards have recently dug deep trenches around the entire city, connecting a series of small forts.

WHEELER.

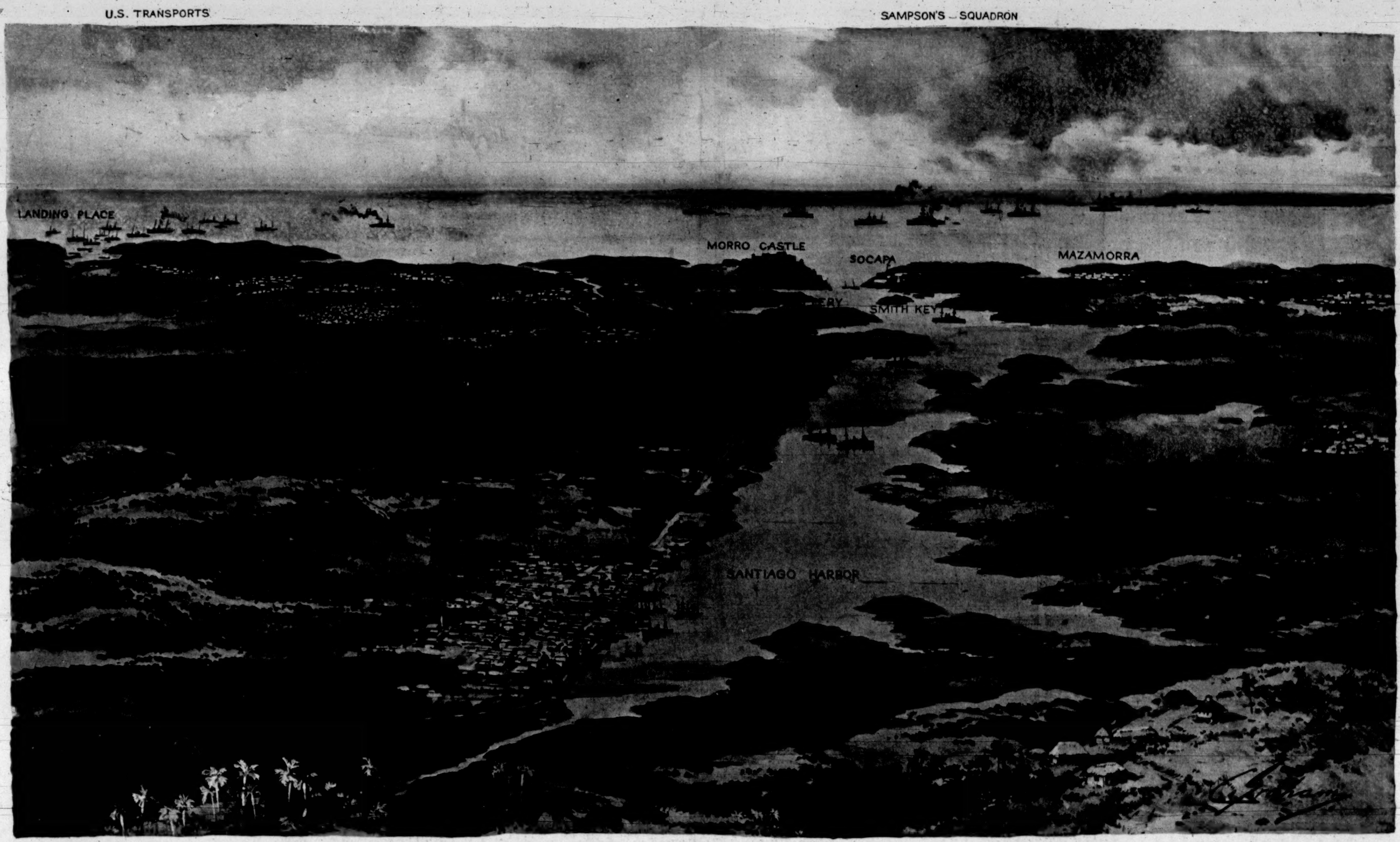
To General Shafter:

We can plainly see Santiago, less than seven miles away. The country is level for six miles this side of the city, except for hills on the south, which extend to within a mile of Santiago. These hills now appear deserted. The country is fairly open, and it will not be difficult to move troops over it. General Chaffee occupies Sevilla to-day.

(Dated Saturday evening.) YOUNG.

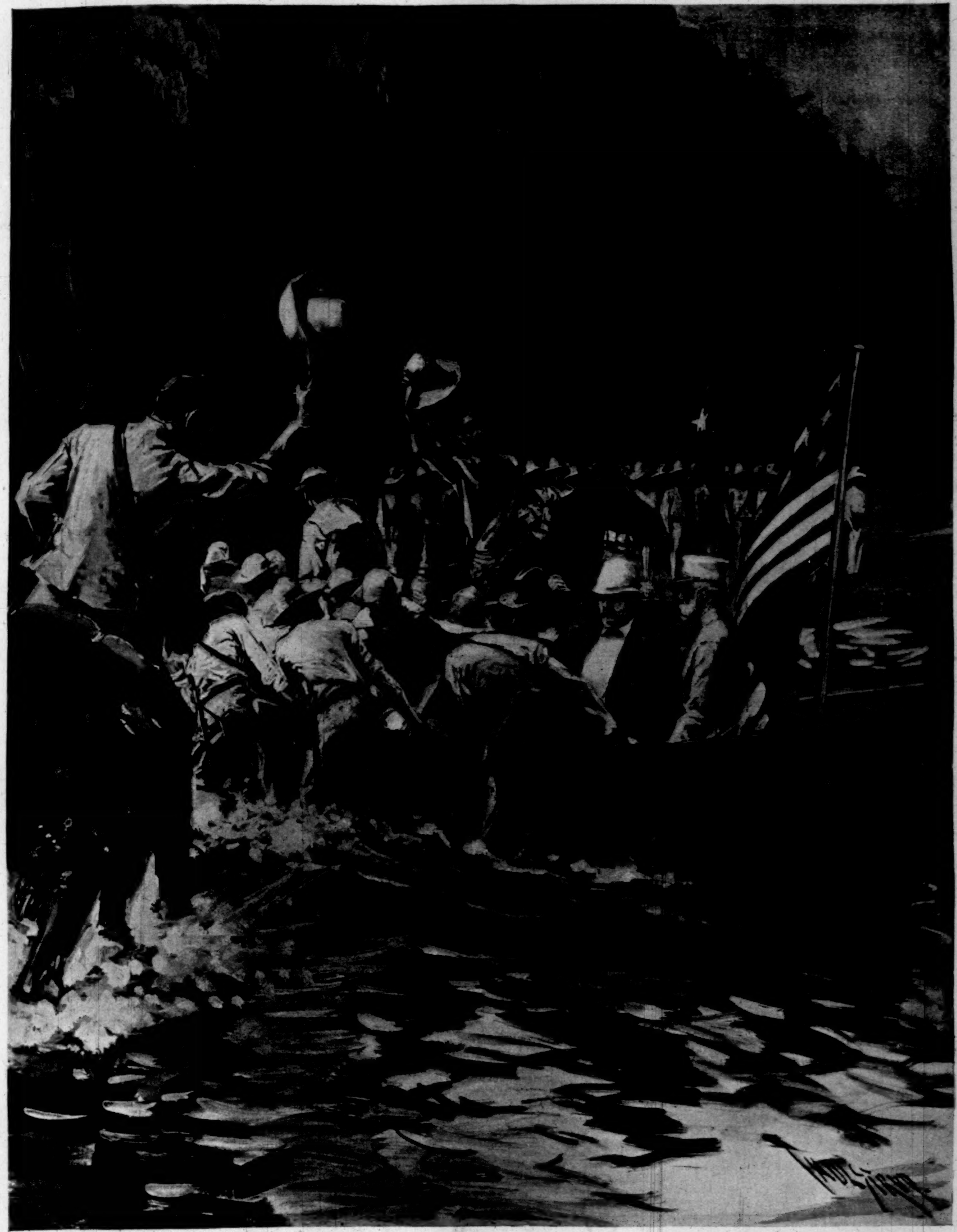
Sunday, June 26.—Beyond Sevilla, on the way to Santiago, and distant not more than four miles from that city, is San Juan. There our advance-guard, the Seventh Regular Infantry, halted this morning; and later in the day the entire First Brigade, General Wheeler commanding, came up. Still further in advance—almost within rifle-

(*Continued on page 676.*)


U.S. TRANSPORTS
SAMPSON'S – SQUADRON
LANDING PLACE
MORRO CASTLE
SOCAPA
MAZAMORRA
ERY
SMITH KEY
SANTIAGO HARBOR

THE SEAT OF WAR—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE ARMY OF INVASION UNDER GENERAL SHAFTER.

Drawn by Charles Graham.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND ADMIRAL SAMPSON LANDING ON THE BEACH AT ASERRADERO, JUNE 20, TO CONFER WITH GENERAL GARCÍA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, FROM MATERIALS RECEIVED.

CONFERENCE AT ASERRADERO.

[The following interesting description of the meeting between the Cuban and American commanders is from a private letter by Mr. Caspar Whitney.—ED. WEEKLY.]

THE entire meeting was exceedingly interesting and picturesque in setting. We left the transport fleet off Santiago and steamed west twelve miles, where we hove to about three miles off shore; then, in three small boats, General Shafter and the important members of his staff, and Davis, Bonsal, Remington, and I, rowed to the shore, the general's boat leading, and ours next. As we approached we discovered about one hundred Cubans on the beach; and as the general's boat got into shallow water, two Cuban officers rode out on horseback to greet him, while a score of Cubans waded in, and catching hold of the general's boat, hauled it on shore. The balance of us waded up to our middle.

As we reached dry land the Cubans gathered around; some shouted "Cuba libre! Viva Americanos!" and all seemed eager to show their appreciation of our efforts in their behalf. After a short audience given to the crowds which pressed upon us, we took up our march towards García's camp. For a mile we followed a narrow winding trail, going up grade always, and at times steeply. The Cubans had fallen in behind us and acted as escort, and all along on the trail other Cubans stood here and there at present arms, or gravely saluted us as we went past.

Finally we reached the foot of a small eminence which crowned the mountains running down to the sea. From the foot to the top two lines of Cuban soldiers stretched, perhaps three hundred in all; and as we began the climb to the top, on which was García's camp, or, rather, the hut in which a rendezvous had been agreed upon, they all presented arms, and a tiny bugle gave forth a most plaintive welcome.

The conference lasted an hour or thereabouts, and during it the Cubans filed past several times, evidently in an attempt to impress us—as on the stage twenty soldiers will parade in front and pass around behind the scenes to the front again, to give the appearance of a regiment.

They were all armed with rifles, some had machetes also, and all looked well nourished. None of the soldiers had shoes, and their clothes were ragged, but certainly seventy-five per cent. of them never had worn a shoe, and never would. General García is a good-looking man of much dignity.

After the conference the Cubans formed a hollow square, and once again the plaintive squeak of the bugle heralded our approach; we passed through the square under an escort of twenty men, and all the square fell in behind us.

To-day (June 22) the troops are landing—have about all landed by now (6 P.M.). At daylight this morning we began our approach on the town (Baiquiri). The *New Orleans*, *Detroit*, *Castine*, and *Wasp* were directly in front of the harbor, and back and very near came our ship. Two miles back were the remainder of transports. About 2000 troops were got into small boats towed by launches, and when they started towards shore the gunboats opened fire—and such a fire! they simply riddled the town, setting fire to what the Spaniards had not had time to fire before running, and the marksmanship was splendid. It was great—the excitement of stealing up to shore under fire, and the prospect of a fight made the blood course. The Spaniards cut and run, and gave no fight.

Simultaneously with the bombarding at this point, other points five and eight miles west of here were shelled, and the settlements fired.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Prison Association of New York (135 East Fifteenth Street), through Mr. W. M. F. Round, its corresponding secretary, asks for money to buy a farm, not far from New York, on which some men who come out of prison can find a home and employment. Mr. Round says:

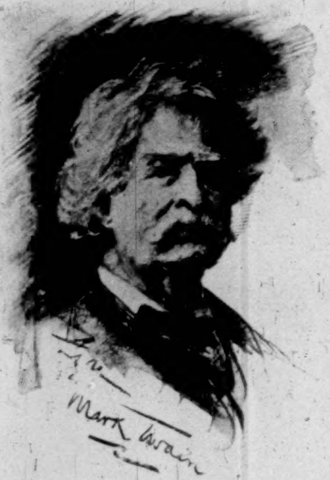
> It is for those whose spirits are broken by long imprisonment, who come out downcast, physical and spiritual wrecks, to be cared for till they die, or till hope revives. And during the period of shepherding they should have a place where self-respect would "come to its own again" by the ability to earn at least a part of a living by some light industry.

This work speaks for itself. The expediency of it is not less obvious than its mercifulness.

The evidence of the gallantry of the Rough Riders at La Guasima is somewhat more convincing than that of their discretion. About their gallantry there is no shadow of a doubt, and it seems to have been effective to pull the command out of an exceedingly dangerous situation with comparatively small loss.

One comfort that comes with reading of active soldiering on land in Cuba is the prospect which it encourages that better acquaintance with the Cubans as fighting-men will raise them in our estimation, increase our respect for them, and extend the belief that they and their cause were worth helping. All accounts, so far, of their work in co-operation with our men, are very creditable to them and satisfactory to us.

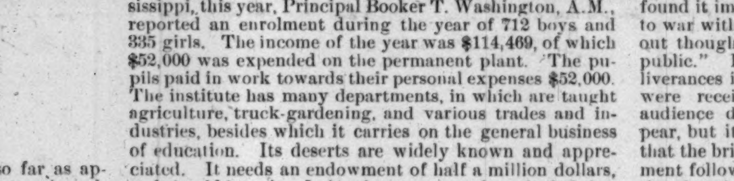
Here is the latest portrait of Mark Twain, reduced from a black and white sketch made in Vienna. For an American who is busy writing books Vienna must be just now a pretty good place to be in. Nothing goes in these parts except war and war news, and in London, so far as appears, fights and fighting interests engross attention almost as completely as in New York. Although Austria is the country whose government seems closest to Spain in its sympathies, we have not heard of any such discourtesies towards Americans in Vienna as have been reported from Paris. Certainly in Mr. Clemens's portrait, which was dated "May 24," there is no indication that the relationship between the Austrian Emperor and the Queen-Regent of Spain has caused him personal embarrassment or disturbed his ease of mind.



If vanity is pardonable in any species of man, it is in a soldier. A vain clergyman seems a very imperfect reflection of God's image; a vain doctor may give the impression that he is thinking of himself when he should be thinking of you; a lawyer ought to be too shrewd and worldly-wise to admit of more personal vanity than just enough to be useful in his business. But it is different with fighting-men. Why do we deck them out in gay raiment if not for looks? Why provide them with fine feathers if they are not to feel an interest in being fine birds? A reasonable degree of vanity seems almost a part of a complete soldier's necessary outfit, and if it is a blemish it is a soldierly blemish, at any rate.

True, the absence of it is not a sure sign of inefficiency. There were Grant and Lee, men judged to be successful in their calling, and yet both of them persons of incorrigible modesty. And there was Von Moltke, who, in his pictures at least, does not betray any noticeable solicitude about his looks. Doubtless soldiers may be shamefaced and yet proficient in their business, especially in the intellectual end of it, but they may also be reasonably vain without giving good reason to doubt their military capacity. War is such a painfully foolish business at the best that a little personal foolishness in its professors seems to fit into the general economy of the institution. It is the duty of soldiers, when actually working at their trade, to seem, at least, to like soldiering, and how can they do that unless they look proud of being soldiers?

Somewhat ominous is the photographic reproduction given here of the first pension check paid on account of our present war. It is for $14 40, and records the first payment made to Elsie A. Monfort, of Council Bluffs, on account of her pension of $12 a month for the death of her son, William F. Monfort, twenty-five years old, who lost his life by the sinking of the *Maine*. No consideration forbids us to hope that pension checks originating in casualties of the present war may continue to be rare enough to be interesting as curiosities.


$14 40 J. MERRIAM (S.) June 1898

Received of J. Merriam U. S. Pension Agent at CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

14 40 dollars by check No. 76500

dated [illegible] 1898 being for 1 month(s) [illegible] pension due me

on pension certificate No. 12536, from the 28th day of Feby 1898, to

the 4th day of April 1898, for which I have signed duplicate receipt.

D. C. Bloomer Elsie A. Monfort

ORIGINAL. 2408

26

TREASURER.

THE FIRST PENSION CHECK OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Congress has passed a bill to pay $379 56 to Moses Pendergrass, of Libertyville, Missouri. The story of the reason for this liberality is pathetically interesting, and is valuable as an illustration of the sort of pickle that an honest man may get into who undertakes to do an honest job of work for Uncle Sam. In 1886 Moses Pendergrass put in a bid for the contract to carry the mail on the route from Knob Lick to Libertyville and Coffman, thirty miles a day, from July 1, 1887, for one year. He got the postmaster at Knob Lick to write the letter for him; and while Moses intended that bid should be $400, his scribe carelessly made it $4. Moses got the contract, and did not find out about the mistake until the end of the first quarter, when he got his first pay. When he found at what rate he was working he was sorely cast down, and opened communication with the Post Office Department. The department informed him that he must either carry out his contract or throw it up, and that if he threw it up his bondsmen would have to pay the government $1459 85 damages; so Moses carried out his contract, walked thirty miles every week-day for a year and carried the mail, and received for his labor $4—or, to be accurate, $6 84; for the route being extended after his bid was accepted, the pay was proportionately increased. Now, after ten years, a bill has finally been passed to pay to Moses the difference between what he earned in that unlucky year and what he received.

The *Sun*, which tells this story, says that bills have been introduced in three or four Congresses for Moses's relief, and that committees have repeatedly investigated his claim. It must have cost the government thousands of dollars in labor to pay that poor man his just dues.

Well, that is the way that governments have to do things. Isn't it appalling? Is it surprising that when a government gets into a fight it should take it some time to roll up its sleeves?

BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM LUDLOW, U.S.V.

At Commencement (May 26) at Tuskegee Institute, Mississippi, this year, Principal Booker T. Washington, A.M., reported an enrolment during the year of 712 boys and 335 girls. The income of the year was $114,469, of which $52,000 was expended on the permanent plant. The pupils paid in work towards their personal expenses $52,000. The institute has many departments, in which are taught agriculture, truck-gardening, and various trades and industries, besides which it carries on the general business of education. Its deserts are widely known and appreciated. It needs an endowment of half a million dollars, and should have it. In its aims, scope, and methods it has proved itself one of the best machines that exist for promoting self-help and intelligent industry among the colored population of the South. It is starting on its eighteenth year. Its pupils last year came from twenty-four States and two foreign countries. Three thousand of its former pupils are at work.

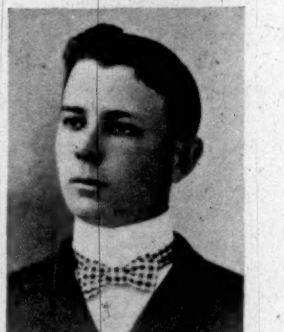
Any one who has ever tried to get to the bottom of any piece of college vandalism will be particularly interested in the strange case of Professor George H. Stephens, late of Lafayette College, at Easton, Pennsylvania, who has confessed to various outrages committed upon that institution, including the burning of one wing of the handsome Pardee Hall. Stephens's confession is a very extraordinary and tragical story of degeneration and perverted intelligence. He was graduated with high distinction at Princeton in the class of 1891, winning the Chancellor Green fellowship in mental philosophy. The income of this fellowship maintained him for another year at Princeton, and after taking his master's degree he spent still another year in the Princeton Theological Seminary. He was called to Lafayette in 1895 to be Associate Professor of Ethics and Logic. His engagement at Lafayette was for two years. President Warfield, who seems to have taken very kindly to him at first, concluded, before the term of his engagement had expired, that he was not a satisfactory instructor, and not a person whom it was expedient to retain. On what grounds he based this opinion has not yet come out, but he told Stephens that he would not be re-engaged. Stephens objected so strongly to being dropped that President Warfield kept him on for another year. Then Stephens, finding that he was not to be retained, made an open fight in the newspapers and elsewhere against President Warfield, but the trustees of the college unanimously sustained their president, and Stephens's connection with the institution closed.

Then, it seems, having developed a violent hatred of President Warfield, he determined upon a policy of retaliation, by which he hoped to undermine the president's influence. To that end he began a series of depredations and outrages, which, he thought, being attributed to students, might indicate bad discipline, and operate in various ways to Dr. Warfield's injury. He broke into the college chapel and crippled the organ so that it wouldn't work; he cut the ivy that grew on various of the college buildings; he stole the hymns and Bibles out of the chapel and threw them into a cistern; and another time he put tar on the college benches, carpet, organ, pulpit, and Bible, causing great damage. His most serious crime, of setting fire to Pardee Hall, he has confessed in detail. One wing of the building was destroyed, but, to his disappointment, the fire was believed to have been of accidental origin. A watch was finally set in the chapel, and when Stephens came there at night with a basket of bad eggs to do more mischief, he was attacked and driven off. He dropped his eggs and a key, and the key led to his detection.

Stephens is not obviously insane, though the easiest explanation of his conduct is to say that he must be a monomaniac. Besides his intellectual ability, he had a remarkable physique and unusual strength, and might have won distinction in athletics. But athletics did not interest him. He was active in religious work, and yet it is evident that there was something about him that was noticeably wrong and that excited Dr. Warfield's distrust. His pitiful story will be long remembered in colleges, and is pretty sure to be cited by future commentators who are puzzled to account for particularly atrocious acts of college vandalism.

The sentiment in and about Harvard College against the war must be pretty strong. A class-day orator is more likely to reflect the opinions prevalent about him than to defy them, and this year's incumbent, Mr. Grilk of Davenport, Iowa, did doubtless express opinions which have been and are held by many of his mates when he found it impossible to escape the conviction that in going to war with Spain "our government acted hastily, without thought, without the dignity becoming a great republic." How his deliverances in this strain were received by his audience does not appear, but it is recorded that the brief announcement following the oration that there would be no poem read because the class poet, Mr. Scull of Boston, had gone to the war, "was all that was needed for the enthusiasm of the entire assemblage to break loose in a prolonged cheering and applause."

Mr. Scull is one of Colonel Wood's Roosevelt Rough Riders. No doubt he is a good and intrepid gentleman, but it may perhaps be doubted if he is a bolder man than Orator Grilk, who had the hardihood to tell a class-day audience in Sanders Theatre that our war can't be justified, and that our new "imperial policy" lacks common-sense. It is not necessary to share all of Mr. Grilk's views in order to recognize his self-renunciation in so shaping his remarks that even his nearest sympathizers could hardly feel like giving him more than silent support.


PRIVATE GOODE TAUMAN, U. S. MARINE CORPS.

Killed, June 11, in the Spanish Attack on Camp McCalla, Guantanamo Bay.

A great many friends and admirers of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, the Harvard coach, have been glad to read of his engagement to marry an American lady—Miss Davis of Worcester. Mr. Lehmann has worked hard and persistently during the last two years in the interest of American sport, and has had twice to bear the disappointment of seeing his pupils badly beaten. It is pleasant to know that he had something better to take home with him than the mere memory of two defeats. It is pleasant to know also that his relations with this country are to be strengthened by a new tie. Whatever ailed his crews, he has helped us at a point where we needed help in promoting among our college athletes a better conception of the amenities and purposes of true sport.

Admiral Dewey has been made an LL.D. of Princeton, and it is currently reported (with how much truth cannot be discovered) that Constructor Hobson has been honored by the venerable and renowned Med. Fac. of Harvard College, which has conferred upon him the distinction of honorary membership. The report is credible enough, though (such is the obscurity which veils the venerable society's operations) we may never know positively whether it is true or not.

In the WEEKLY of June 25 it was mentioned that 15 out of 121 members of the graduating class of the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven had enlisted, making the largest number of enlistments in proportion to the size of the class at that time reported from any institution. Word has since come that the graduating class of 30 at the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, has sent 8 men to the war (more than one-quarter of the class), and that out of 44 Seniors of the University of Maine, at Orono, 14 (nearly one-third of the class) enlisted, and were, at the time of writing, with the First Maine Regiment at Chickamauga. These last reports will be hard to beat, though other colleges are likely to be heard from. Out of a total attendance of 300 at the University of Maine, 40 have enlisted—a proportion that recalls the days of the civil war.

The college men in the volunteer armies of whom we, in this part of the country, have heard the most, have been those who joined the regiment of "Rough Riders." There are hundreds of others who are quite as notable. A correspondent of the *Church Economist*, who has been at Camp Alger, and has made it his special concern to look into the state of religion in that camp, takes note of the influence of college men in various regiments, and especially in regiments in which whole companies are made up of college men, who work together for good. He tells us that Company H of the Twenty-second Kansas Regiment is entirely made up of college men, and that in that one regiment there are 354 "teachers, preachers, and active young churchmen," who have organized a Sunday-school and a Christian Endeavor society, and who keep the tone of the regiment at a high level. Another such regiment, it seems, is the 159th Indiana, where the superior character of the men in one or two companies rejoices the chaplain, and gives effect to his labors. Religion at Camp Alger seems to have risen quite above sectarian jealousies. We read of a service Episcopal in form but conducted by a Presbyterian clergyman from Indiana, and of another which was conducted by the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Seventh Illinois while the Universalist chaplain of the Sixth Massachusetts preached the sermon.

One of the notable chaplains of the volunteer army is the Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, of the Fourth Missouri, who will be remembered as the oldest son of General Sherman.

The laws of the trades unions hold, it seems, even in war-time, and to the detriment of the interests of the state. The newspapers record that on Saturday, June 25, in New York, the men engaged in installing the electrical plants on two ships chartered by the government stopped work at noon, according to union rules, notwithstanding that their refusal to go on with the work meant a delay of two days in starting the ships for Newport News.

Great interest is felt in the exploits of the dynamite-cruiser *Vesuvius*, which has demonstrated her ability not only to keep high explosives on her stomach in heavy weather, but to expel them shoreward at the proper time, and with due force and a fair degree of accuracy. How effective the work of the *Vesuvius* can be has not at this writing been clearly shown, but she has demonstrated abilities enough to secure close observation for her performances. She can certainly persuade her earthquakes to go a mile or two away before they operate, and she has made it certain that wherever one of them happens to light it is sure to be remembered. In the absence of the Holland torpedo-boat, she ranks as the leading novelty of the war.

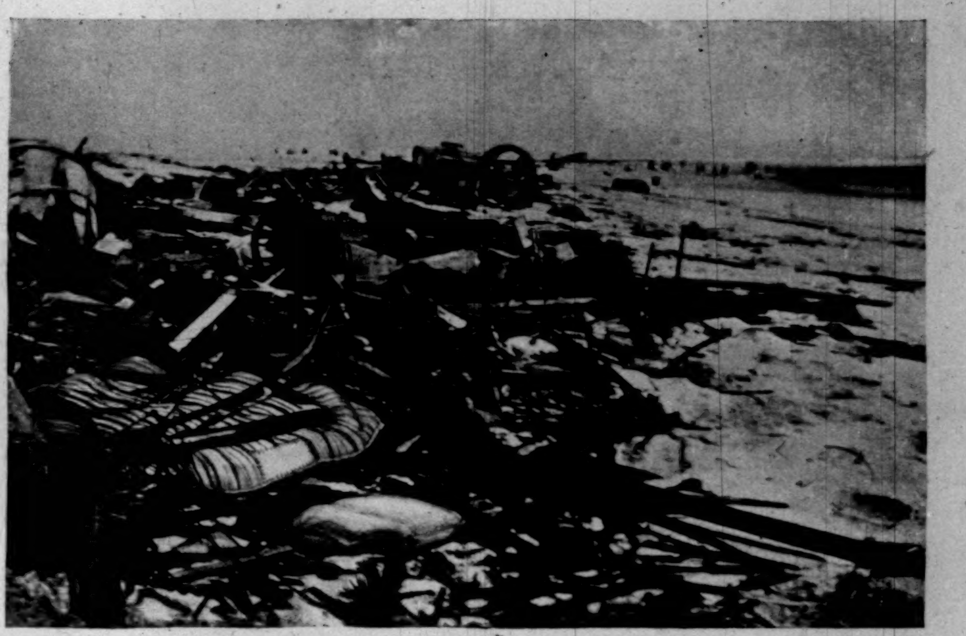
E. S. MARTIN.

THE FOULING OF THE BEACHES.

The Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I HAVE received your letter concerning the condition of the beaches in the Rockaway district, with photographs showing actual conditions, which are substantially the same as I saw last summer at Long Beach and farther east. The illustrations are in no wise exaggerated, and they show, as nothing else could, the intolerable littering of these resorts. I am told that large numbers of persons pay from $50 to $100 per season for bath-houses, and are unable to make the least use of them for weeks together, because of these accumulations of rubbish.

The same conditions, aggravated by the presence of putrefying garbage, have been the subject of great complaint for years concerning the beaches of both Long Island and New Jersey. The first serious effort for relief was made in the summer of 1894, when it was arranged to deposit all refuse behind a bulkhead enclosing the shoal on the west side of Rikers Island in the East River. This relieved the beaches, but it made a much more grievous annoyance nearer home. All of the collections of the city were dumped there, including an average of about five hundred tons of *garbage* per day. This garbage, putrefying under water, sent forth such an all-pervading stench that the people of Westchester County, and as far away as Flushing on Long Island, as well as those on the Sound steamers, raised a loud cry of protest.



GENERAL VIEW OF BEACH NEAR ROCKAWAY.

The Legislature passed a law making it a penal offence to deposit anywhere within the metropolitan area, on land or under water, any refuse containing garbage. It therefore became necessary to resort again to sea-dumping, all of the scows being, during the summer season, towed out to the light-ship, ten miles beyond Sandy Hook. This was practically as bad as the previous dumping closer inshore, for, while it led to the drifting of floating matters to more remote points, there was always a sufficient supply of the various wastes (about 2,800,000 cubic yards yearly) to defile the added miles of beach to an intolerable degree. This was the condition when I became Commissioner of Street Cleaning in January, 1895. Mayor Gilroy's commission had investigated the matter thoroughly and had thrown much light upon it, but when practical work was to be done the whole subject had to be studied anew and in detail. Considerable progress had been made when the administration of Mayor Strong ended. The first step of the process was to cause a separation of the wastes. Thus far everything from houses had been set out in the same receptacles and removed by the same carts and scows to the same point of deposit. It was found necessary to separate garbage, ashes, and paper and rubbish from one another, the ashes to be removed in the same carts with the street sweepings and dumped on the department scows; the light refuse to be collected in "P-R" carts, and culled for the sale of their valuable parts; and the garbage to be delivered to the boats of the Sanitary Utilization Company for transportation to its reduction-works at Barren Island. This separate disposal of garbage has been completed since January, 1897, and the source of offensive odors from the deposits on the beaches has been eliminated. Since the latter part of 1895 paper and refuse have been collected by themselves, but most of this material has been thus far dumped on the sea-going scows, awaiting the completion of yards for its picking over. Most of this material, such as mattresses, barrels, boxes, straw, old furniture, etc., is still borne by wind and wave to be deposited along miles of beach, to the greatest discomfort and disadvantage of those who use them or who live near them.

It would have been impossible to do away with this annoyance completely for the present summer, but the amount of refuse so deposited might have been very largely reduced, and by next spring it might have been entirely done away with.

That it has not been greatly mitigated by this time is one of the effects of Croker's debt-limit bugaboo. I had hired, and the city is now paying rent for, four yards in which to deposit the paper and rubbish of as many large districts of the city. Other yards had been negotiated for for the remaining territory.

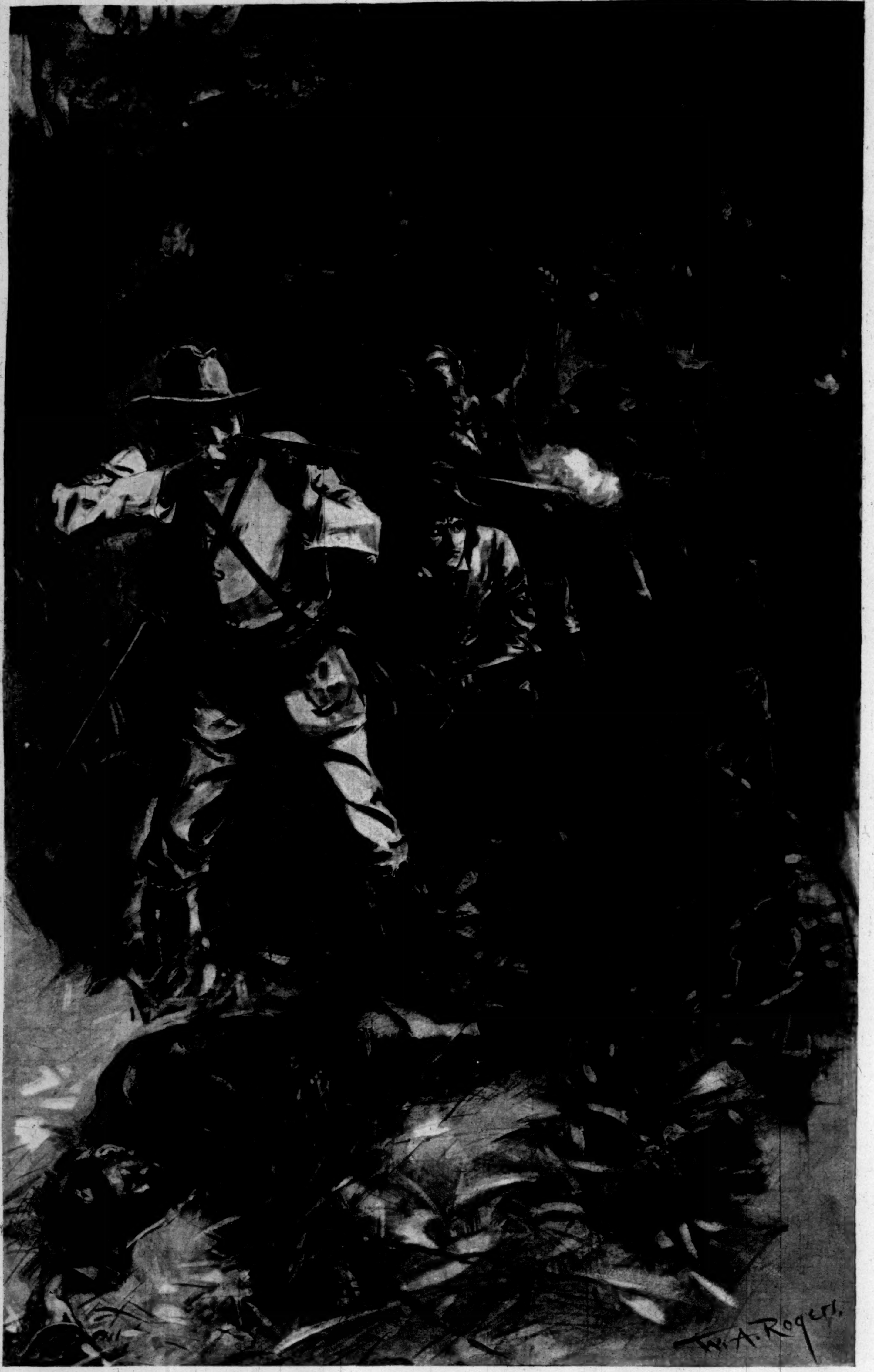
The first yard taken in hand, in East Eighteenth Street near Avenue C, was equipped with the necessary appliances, and had been in active operation since early in 1897. This yard disposes of the collections of 14 of the 150 "P-R" carts of the department. The process is as follows: The old furniture, boxes, barrels, etc., are burned in an iron-enclosed open-air fire. Wire mattresses and other worthless metals, etc., and the ashes of this fire and of the furnace are hauled to the sea-going scows. Other matters are opened out and spread on a table 50 feet long (an endless belt, four feet wide, passing over rollers). This belt passes between two rows of pickers, who select out, each his own kind, seven grades of paper, five kinds of rags, carpet, shoes, hats, rubber, cork, strings, bottles, metals, glass, etc. These are baled or otherwise prepared for market, and are stored under sheds or in bins until sold. The worthless parts of the wastes—such as dirty paper, straw, and excelsior—are burned in a separate furnace, incidentally producing the steam by which the machinery is driven. These wastes amount to about 15 per cent. of the whole. The remainder, 85 per cent., is sold by the contractor, who pays the entire cost of running the works, and pays the department something over $5000 per year for this privilege.

This is only a small experimental plant. The result with the improved plants in contemplation will be very much better; for example, the appliances contracted for in the yard in East Forty-eighth Street will have four times the capacity of this one, while they will cost only about 50 per cent. more to construct and to operate. The extension of the same system throughout the city would bring a large net income to the treasury, aside from the saving of over $30,000 per annum in the cost of sending this portion of the city's wastes out to the light-ship and on to the beaches. There is also to be considered the heavy cost to the riparian owners of clearing their beaches, and of the intolerable annoyance to which they are subjected.

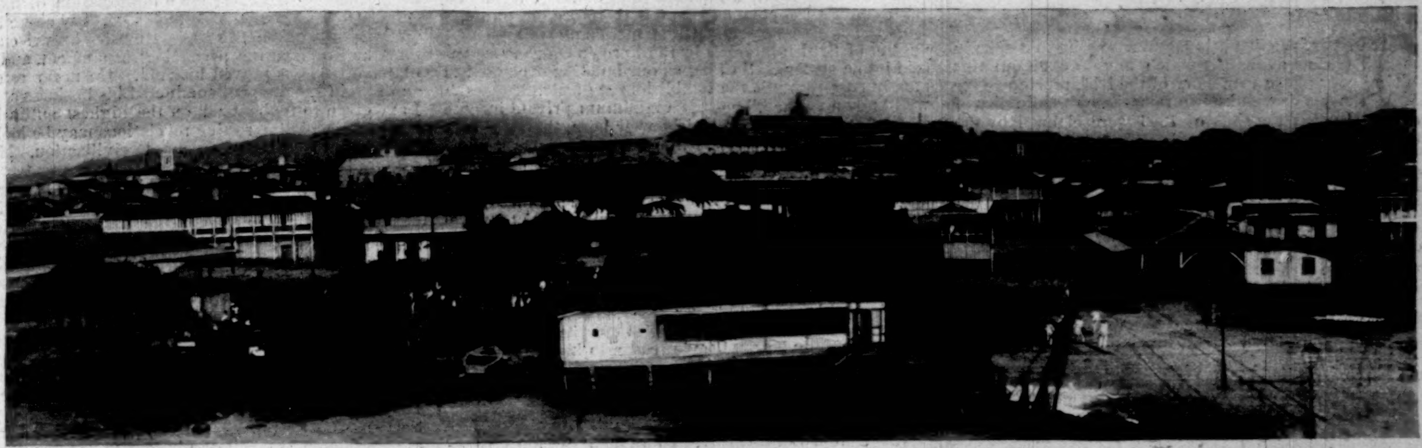
All of this work was under full headway when I was removed from office. My successor, Commissioner McCartney, was fully satisfied of its importance, as well as of the importance of depositing the street sweepings and ashes at Rikers Island, and was desirous of carrying out the whole scheme; but the present remarkable administration "turned it down." It would obviously like to go back to all of the old Tammany methods and conditions, were this possible. Fortunately the garbage contract will last nearly through this term of office, and is likely to be renewed. In short, the garbage problem seems to have been solved for all time. There is, however, little reason to hope that the present fouling of the beaches will be lessened so long as Croker remains Mayor.

GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

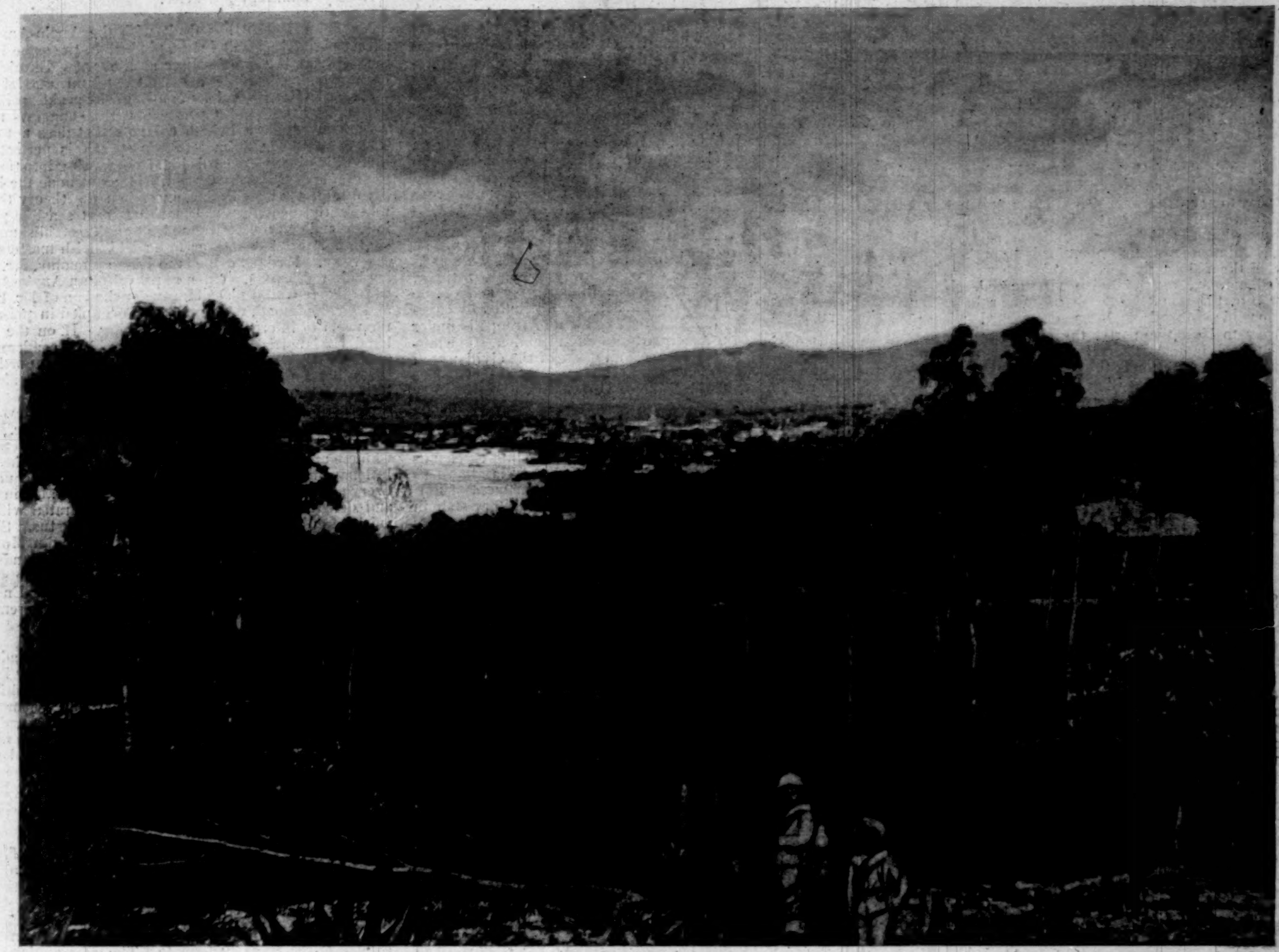
NEW YORK'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF SUBURBAN SEASIDE RESORTS—TYPICAL GROUPS OF FLOTSAM FROM THE CITY'S DUMPING-SCOWS CAST ASHORE IN THE ROCKAWAY DISTRICT.



THE BATTLE OF LA GUASIMA, JUNE 24—THE HEROIC STAND OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, FROM DESCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

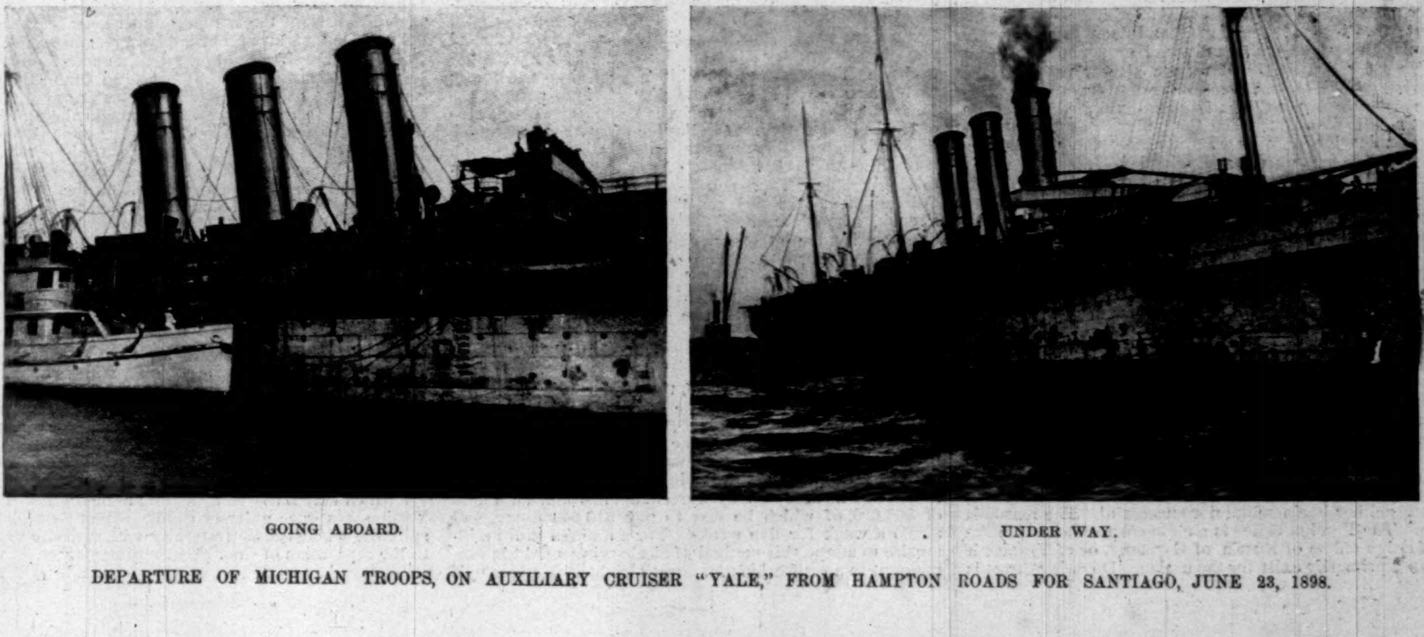


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, SHOWING CATHEDRAL ON THE TOP OF THE HILL.



THE CITY AND HARBOR FROM THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH CONSUL.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



GOING ABOARD.

UNDER WAY.

DEPARTURE OF MICHIGAN TROOPS, ON AUXILIARY CRUISER "YALE," FROM HAMPTON ROADS FOR SANTIAGO, JUNE 23, 1898.

LONDON.

June 11, 1898.

Parliament is again sitting, and wrangling, but nobody heeds. The riots at Belfast which have broken out this week in honor of the centenary of the Irish rebellion give point to Emerson's well-known remarks on the fluidity of politics. Just as the riots of 1886 were claimed by the one side as evidence of Ireland's unfitness for autonomy, so the bloodshed now reported as having occurred in the Orange stronghold is regarded by sanguine Nationalists as proof positive that imperial rule should cease. If Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy collapsed when he retired from public life, no certificate of death could be given to Gladstonian home-rule so long as he lived. Now that he is gone, the groups of politicians who form the Liberal party cannot indefinitely postpone a decision as to what is to be done with Ireland. Unionists whose unionism has not stifled their Liberalism, and who adhere to the body of doctrine preached by Mr. Gladstone in his prime, are watching the tactics of the Liberal leaders with eager interest. If Mr. Gladstone's death has really killed the three forms of home-rule associated with his name, the renunciation of the Irish alliance by his political successors, and the death of Liberal-Unionism itself, would seem to be the natural sequel. The possibility of disbanding the Unionist party, however, is a problem now complicated by other considerations than those bearing upon Ireland. The alliance formed to defeat Mr. Gladstone continued to exist mainly to prevent the loss of markets and the disintegration of empire. The centre of political gravity is changed by Mr. Gladstone's death. Public interest has passed from domestic to foreign affairs. The mind of the man in the street is indifferent to constitutional change. He is bored with constitutional tinkerings. What the average citizen longs for is that Britain may peacefully retain and enlarge the prosperity she now enjoys, or, at the worst, triumphantly defend it.

Although the tie between Mr. Dillon's party and the official Liberals is at present relaxed, there is, nevertheless, nothing to show that the Irish alliance may not be revived at any moment convenient to Liberal strategists. Nobody knows what the bickering syndicate of Liberal leaders really think about home-rule. It is improbable that any one of them sincerely believes that, where Mr. Gladstone failed, a second-rate politician will succeed. Until, therefore, a certificate of the death of home-rule be issued by responsible Liberal spokesmen, invested with plenary powers to bind the party, the Unionist alliance will be maintained intact. There is, however, another point of importance which tends to show that no material change in the existing composition of parties is immediately to be looked for. The deliberate efforts of Mr. Dillon and Mr. John Redmond, the leaders of the two Nationalist parties in Parliament, to poison the mind of America against Britain is a matter upon which the Liberal party probably has as definite an opinion as that of the followers of the government. Still, no Liberal leader—certainly not Mr. John Morley, the late Irish Secretary—has yet found it convenient to repudiate or denounce the conduct of the Irish Nationalists. If they were to do so, they would bar the door to a renewal of the entangling alliance which is the real source of the diseases of the Liberal party. Unionists, on the other hand, are unable to contemplate common action with politicians openly hostile to a friendly understanding with our American kinsmen. Among the friends of such enemies of an Anglo-American *entente* are to be found Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, and Mr. Fowler. These gentlemen and their followers are suspect not only on account of the political company they have kept, but because of their silence in regard to the conduct of their Irish friends in denouncing Anglo-American friendship. Mr. Chamberlain's statement that war itself would not be too great a price to pay for an Anglo-American alliance is seriously accepted by the large majority of the English electors. The doctrine, however, is anathema maranatha to the Irish Nationalists. In this connection it is worth noting that personal dislike to Mr. Chamberlain, whose rising star begins to enlighten even the darker portions of the political firmament, constitutes the creed of as many extreme Radicals as extreme Tories.

General conviction begins to prevail that new problems and new developments will require new men to deal with them. Old shibboleths have lost their significance, and are mere tags, of which every one is weary. Enthusiasts desire to inscribe upon Mr. Gladstone's grave the words "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," and to adopt those words as the motto of the future Liberal party. Common-sense, however, tells the electors that peace is a matter determined more by the conduct of other nations than by their own, which has no higher interest; that retrenchment is impossible with a growing population and an era of universal armament; and that projects for constitutional reform simply nauseate the country. With a diminished export trade, and the visible menace to Anglo-Saxon freedom exhibited by certain powers, it is recognized that the policy of destructive reform, which has now lasted for nearly three parts of a century, has had its day. England is Liberal through and through, has been Liberal throughout the home-rule controversy, and became reactionary only when Liberal ministries began to confuse change with progress, and preferred the day-dreams of industrious visionaries—who chatter the dialect of reform or the idiom of local veto—to grappling with the evolution of Anglo-Saxon destiny. The present Liberal leaders have placed themselves in a cleft stick. At no distant day they will be compelled to acknowledge failure by retirement from nominal leadership which nobody acknowledges, or they will be compelled by circumstances to nail the green flag to the mast.

British reforms of the future are not to be found on the lines of constitutional change, but in the reorganization and improvement of existing institutions. As the debate last night showed, the country as a whole perceives as clearly as the Radicals that the Tory management of foreign affairs is neither businesslike nor successful. The reason is clear. The Foreign Office is a close corporation. Unlike the foreign offices of Russia, of Germany, or of France, it does not primarily exist for the nation. Downing Street is sufficient unto itself—contented in ignorance, it resents criticism, despises commerce, and is, therefore, out of touch with the business world. Great merchants tell me that neglect of British interests by the Foreign Office is organized into a system. So long as our budding diplomatists merely pass through the establishment of Mr. Scoones, a well-known "coach," possess a minimum private income of $2000 a year, and are fairly well born, they are considered as suitable to cope with the best business men on the Continent. The interests of trade and of labor are, not unnaturally, neglected, when the chief of the Foreign Office is too preoccupied to make the acquaintance of his own subordinates, and when his immediate assistants are men who look down on trade with the same sense of compassion as that felt by the governing classes in the days when England was ostensibly governed in the interests of men of family. If anything approaching an Anglo-American alliance should ever be seriously contemplated, the democratization of the English Foreign Office is an essential preliminary. I have reason to know that these views are not confined to the opposition, or even to private members of Parliament.

Conflicting accounts reach this country on the subject of the United States army, and though the most trustworthy of these accounts do not paint the picture in *couleur de rose*, the inevitable effects of a long peace on military efficiency are by no means the monopoly of republics. In the forty years that elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the fighting in the Crimea, the British army attained a maximum of inefficiency. It is only now, when the chief actors in the great drama of the struggle with Russia are dead, that the public is beginning to learn the extent of the incapacity and inefficiency of the men responsible for the equipment and training of the British army. But for the courage of the British private the Crimean campaign would have been a disastrous failure. Indeed, but for the accident of a fog on the morning of the battle of Inkerman, which enabled a handful of British troops to impress forty thousand Russian soldiers with the idea that they were more numerous and better supported than they really were, the English army would have been driven into the Black Sea, and the subsequent history of Europe altered beyond recognition. It was not until political and social influences were partly eliminated that our standing army began to prosper. Even now the efficiency of the Indian army and of the force under Sir Herbert Kitchener is attributed by capable critics to the fact that neither body of troops is under the control of the headquarters staff in London. The mismanagement, incompetence, and waste of the civilian staff of the War Office have not been materially reduced since the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. The country does not get value for its money, while the officials interested in the maintenance of the present costly and inefficient administration naturally do their best to prevent the organization of the army passing into the hands of capable men. The influence of society is almost as paramount at the War Office as in the Department of Foreign Affairs. The task of purging the military stall in the Augean stable of maladministration is one that awaits the constructive statesman of the future. Mr. Chamberlain is the only man capable of such Herculean labor, and it is to him that the more thoughtful and energetic Tories are beginning to turn.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, who is now in Paris, is reported to have held a conversation with Monsieur Henri des Houx, in which he has expressed his views on the delicate question of an Anglo-American alliance. Mr. Depew is reported to have said that for more than a century the relations between the United States of America and the British government have been strained, and that although the States can come to an excellent understanding with England on certain clearly determined points, there is an abyss between the two countries which will prevent forever the formation of an alliance with England. "Our hearts are not drawn to that side," says Mr. Depew. Some remarkable utterances of the same speaker during the early days of the Venezuelan difficulty are not forgotten, but full allowance is made for Mr. Depew's position in the French capital, where the preparations for the United States section of the exhibition are understood to have fallen into arrears. It is only fair to Mr. Depew to say that his alleged statements are not yet corroborated.

Students of history, who hold that the friendship of France to the United States in the Revolutionary days was dictated less by love for the Americans than by hatred for England, will accept one of Mr. Depew's alleged statements as to the common aspirations of the French and American republics with a grain of salt. I have just returned from a short visit to France, where I have conversed with people of all classes. Without a single exception, the antipathy to America and the sympathy with Spain were most marked, especially among the propertied class in the country. France has invested $500,000,000 in Spain. The war, therefore, hits France almost as hardly as if she were a belligerent. For obvious reasons, the Paris shopkeepers can scarcely be taken as representative of the French nation. The burden of sustaining Spanish credit virtually falls upon French capitalists, and as Spain is bleeding to death, the task of sustaining her is becoming intolerable. There can be no true friendship between a decadent and a rising and triumphant race. That the French, notwithstanding their delightful qualities, are decadent is a truth that any one with eyes in his head and the capacity for observation may see for himself. The ever-increasing use of alcohol in its most fiery and dangerous forms is felt by well-wishers to France to be ominous for the future of the race.

The fall of the great speculator Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley is exciting a good deal of interest. It is estimated that since March, 1896, the cash consideration received by Mr. Hooley from the companies he has floated amounted to close upon $35,000,000, and this without reckoning share-holdings, some of which went to a high premium. The fact that he was on the verge of insolvency was not a secret to the initiated few. More than a month ago he accepted a judgment against him for a debt of $35,000, of which he was to pay $10,000 down, and $5000 a week for five weeks. For a reputed multi-millionaire to adopt this method of discharging a debt is tantamount to a confession of failure. Eight of Mr. Hooley's promotions have undergone a depreciation of more than $18,000,000. From the Dunlop Company alone he made a cash profit of $10,000,000. He was shrewd enough to take the public at the psychological moment, and his triumphant success proved his ruin. He never established an office in London, but conducted his business at a hotel. I am given to understand, on the highest authority, that some extremely interesting revelations may be looked for, humiliating to this country and to civilization. Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of saying that the greatest evil affecting our age was not bloated armaments, nor predatory socialism, nor bad legislation, but the growing love of money and the unconscientiousness of some rich men. The system of speculative finance which affords a man of the Hooley type opportunities for making millions out of the silly section of the public is obtaining a notoriety that is not without its menace to legitimate enterprise. The attempt of Monsieur Jaurés to bring about organic unity among the existing organizations of the socialistic party all over Europe is significant of much behind. Mr. Leiter's wheat deal helps M. Jaurés. It is much talked of among the poorer classes over here. The failure of Mr. Hooley recalls to mind his recent present of gold plate to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are considered as lacking in judgment in accepting such a gift from a man who induced the public to give millions more for his various companies than they are worth. The plate in question is irreverently known as vessels of the "Hooley Communion Service."

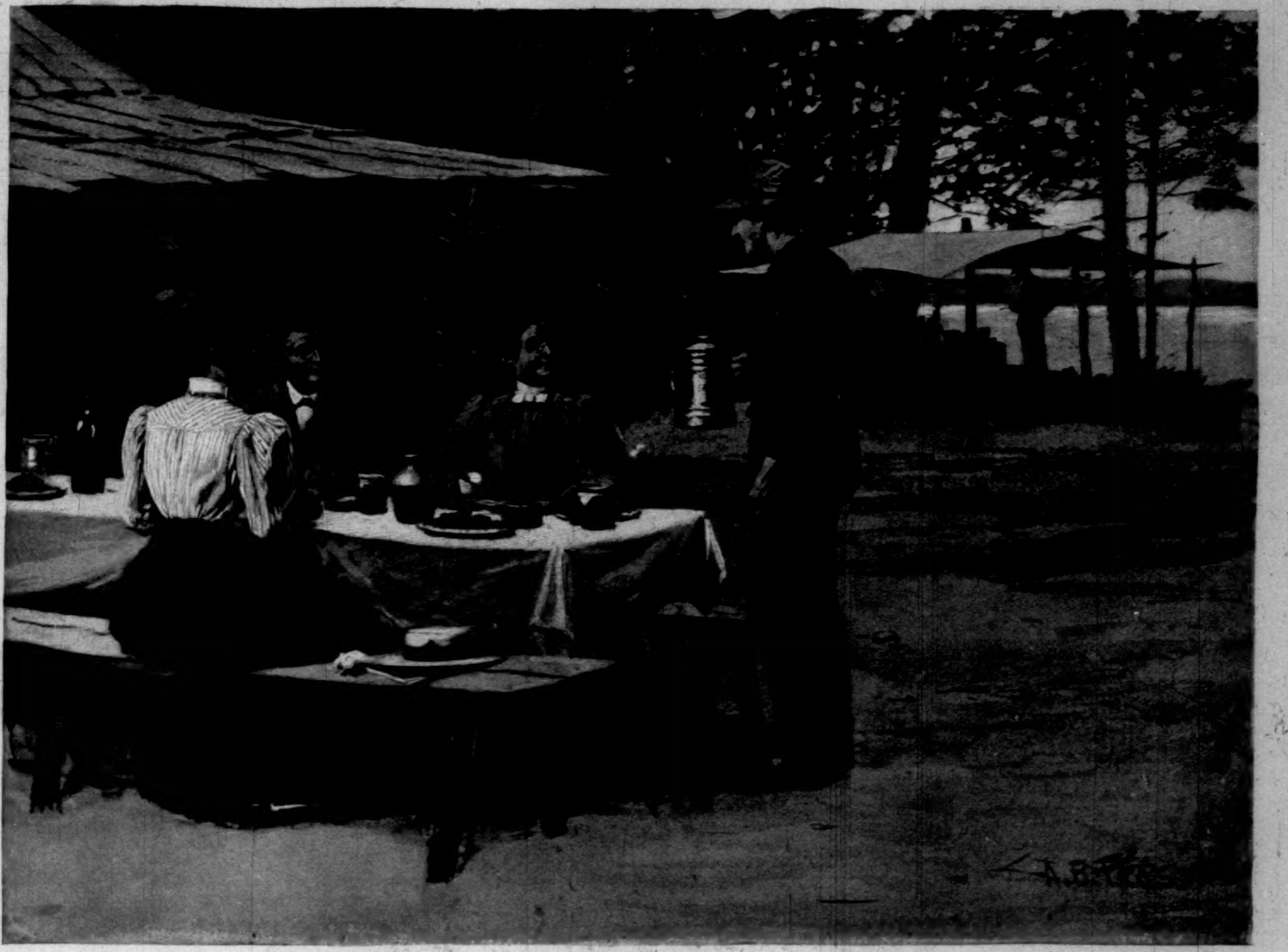
Mr. John Morley has dealt with the Anglo-American alliance in a speech at Leeds, pitched in the same key as Sir William Harcourt's sneer at the "new Birmingham foreign policy." If he does not condemn outright Mr. Chamberlain's conception of an English-speaking alliance, he damns it with faint praise, and thus suggests to the American people a British coldness that does not exist. The form of Mr. John Morley's speech is perfect; his literary instinct safeguards him from lapsing into the slipshod style of the ordinary politician; but none the less is his meaning unintelligible, except on the theory that he reluctantly recognizes the fact that most sensible people in England and the States are bent on the establishment of closer relations—whatever he and his Irish masters may do or say. Pledged as he is to Irish autonomy, Mr. Morley is in a dilemma. Open approval of an Anglo-American alliance would place him under the ban of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond, who are busily occupied in poisoning the wells of international good feeling. If, on the other hand, the late Irish Secretary were frankly to condemn Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, he would alienate that portion of the Liberal party which recognizes that home-rule was buried in Mr. Gladstone's grave. Mr. Morley is a philosopher, bookish, industrious, sedate, but he is devoid of the saving grace of humor—the salt of public life. Perspective has no more meaning to Mr. Morley than to a Chinese artist. He suffers from an obsession of the revolutionary idea of the eighteenth century. Consequently, every speech which he delivers, while admirable in form and delightful to hear or to read, is saturated with the spirit of an age as obsolete as that of Augustus. Search will be made in vain throughout all Mr. John Morley's utterances for any indication that he understands old things to have passed away, or that constructive statesmanship and the conservation of the liberties England now enjoys are the proper tasks of her rulers, present and to come.

From conversations with politicians of all shades of opinion, excepting the Irish, I gather that anxiety is felt, not least in government circles, as to the composition of the Anglo-American commission for the arrangement of the difficulties between the United States and Canada. I may perhaps record the conviction entertained here that unless the commissioners appointed on both sides are qualified by their antecedents and opinions to come to an early arrangement, a favorable issue is scarcely to be expected. The names of the American commissioners are looked for with much interest.

The Wagner cycle, which was heralded with a flourish of trumpets, is now in full swing at Covent Garden. Disciples of the master are divided as to the merits of the rendering of the "Rheingold," the "Walküre," and "Siegfried." Every one admits that under Herr Mottl the orchestration has been superb. On the other hand, the stage-management is criticised as inadequate. The abbreviation of the score is denounced as ruthless, and many of the performers are regarded as inappropriate. Many thousands of pounds have been collected by the management on the understanding that the well-known Baireuth tradition was to be followed, and that we were to have in London a cycle represented under the Wagnerian method. These proposals, however, have been seriously interfered with by the despotism of the London dinner hour. Dinner is incompatible with an unmutilated score, and as subscribers to the cycle prefer food to music, the score has been ruthlessly cut. Furthermore, it has been found difficult or impossible to engage actors competent not only to sing, but willing to act Wagnerian drama in the manner laid down by the master himself. The stage-management of "Siegfried" is denounced as inferior to the standard of a musical German provincial town. Evidence exists already of all the elements for a great musical controversy, the echo of which will doubtless reach the other side of the Atlantic.

Amid wars and rumors of wars it is pleasant to turn aside to the giant struggle for the championship in the open golf competition. This year it has been won by a professional, Harry Varden, of Scarborough, on the Prestwich Links, which are described by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in his delightful *Golfing Pilgrim*. Prestwich is not St. Andrews, but the course, which contains a mighty range of sand hills with the awesome name of Himalayas, is not an easy one. Over this course, Himalayas, Alps, and all, Varden played four rounds in 307 strokes, an average of four and a quarter strokes a hole, with a crowd, a close competition, and some bad weather. This achievement implies a delicacy of touch, nervous strength, and steady eye which may fairly be looked on as matchless. I believe Varden was once a Jersey caddie, a fact that should inspire the whole caddie fraternity with a desire to live up to the reputation of their great representative.

Arnold White.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

IV.—A CATARACT OF INFORMATION.

PETER SADLER would have been glad to have the Archibald party stay at his hotel for a few days, and Mrs. Archibald would have been perfectly satisfied to remain there until they were ready to return to their own house, but her husband and Margery were impatient to be in the woods, and it was therefore decided to start for the camp the next day. Peter Sadler was a man of system, and his arrangements were made promptly and rapidly.

"You've got to have a guide," said he, "and another man to help him, and I think I'll give you Phil Matlack. Phil is an old hand at the business, and if you don't know what you want, he'll tell you. If you are in Phil's hands, you needn't be afraid anything will happen to you. Whatever you want, ask him for it, and ten to one he'll have it, whether it's information or fish-hooks. I tell you again, you're lucky to be here early and get the best of everything. Camp Rob with Phil Matlack will stand at a premium in three or four weeks from now."

That evening after supper Mr. Archibald lighted a cigar and went out into the grounds in front of the hotel, where he was presently joined by his wife.

"Where is Margery?" asked he.

"She is in her room," replied Mrs. Archibald, "but she called to me that she would be down directly."

In about ten minutes down came Margery and floated out upon the lawn. She was dressed in white, with flowers in her hair, and she was more charming, Mr. Archibald said, as she approached, than even the sunset sky.

"You should not speak in that way of works of nature," said his wife.

"Isn't she a work of nature?" he asked.

"Not altogether," was the wise reply. "Why did you dress yourself in that fashion?" she asked Margery. "I did not suppose you would bring such a fine gown, as we started out to go into camp. And even in this hotel a travelling suit is good enough for any one."

"Oh, I tucked this into one of my bags," replied Margery. "I always like to have something nice to fall back upon. Don't you want to take a little stroll, Aunt Harriet?"

Mr. Archibald leaned back in his garden chair and slowly puffed his cigar, and as he puffed he took his eyes from the sunset sky and watched his wife and Margery.

A little beyond them, as they walked, sat two elderly ladies on a bench, wearing shawls, and near by stood a girl in a short dress, with no hat on, and a long plait down her back. A little further on was a tennis-court, and four people, apparently young, were playing tennis. There were two men, and neither of them wore a tennis suit. One was attired as a bicyclist, and the other wore ordinary summer clothes. The young women were dressed in dark blue flannel and little round hats, which suggested to Mr. Archibald the deck of a yacht.

Near the hotel was an elderly gentleman walking up and down by himself, and on the piazza were the rest of the guests he had seen at the table—not very many, for it was early in the season.

Mr. Archibald now turned his eyes again to the sky. It was still beautiful, although its colors were fading, and after a time he looked back toward his wife. She was now talking to the two elderly ladies on the bench, and Margery was engaged in conversation with the girl with the plait down her back.

"When I finish my cigar," thought Mr. Archibald, "I will go myself and take a stroll." And it struck him that he might talk to the old gentleman, who was still walking up and down in front of the hotel. After contemplating the tops of some forest trees against the greenish-yellow of the middle sky, he turned his eyes again toward his wife, and found that the two elderly ladies had made room for her on the bench, that the tennis game had ceased, and that one of the girls in blue flannel had joined this group and was talking to Margery.

In a few moments all the ladies on the bench rose, and Mrs. Archibald and one of them walked slowly toward an opening in the woods. The other lady followed with the little girl, and Margery and the young woman in blue walked in the same direction, but not in company with the rest of the party. The two young men, with the other tennis-player between them, walked over from the tennis-court and joined the first group, and they all stopped just as they reached the woods. There they stood and began talking to each other, after which one of the young men and the young woman approached a large tree, and he poked with a stick into what was probably a hole near its roots, and Mr. Archibald supposed that the discussion concerned a snake-hole or a hornets' nest. Then Margery and the other young woman came up, and they looked at the hole. Now the whole company walked into the woods and disappeared. In about ten minutes Mr. Archibald finished his cigar and was thinking of following his wife and Margery, when the two elderly ladies and Mrs. Archibald came out into the open and walked toward the hotel. Then came the little girl, running very fast as she passed the tree with the hole near its roots. In a few minutes Mrs. Archibald stopped and looked back toward the woods; then she walked a little way in that direction, leaving her companions to go to the hotel. Now the young man in the bicycle suit emerged from the woods, with a girl in dark blue flannel on each side of him.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, and rising to his feet, advanced toward his wife; but before he reached her, Margery emerged from the wood road, escorted by the young man in the summer suit.

"Upon my word," Mr. Archibald remarked, this time to his wife, "that ward of ours is not given to wasting time."

"It seems so, truly," said she, "and I think her mother was right when she called her a creature of impulse. Let us wait here until they come up. We must all go in; it is getting chilly."

In a few minutes Margery and the young man had reached them.

"Thank you very much," said this creature of impulse to her escort. "My uncle and aunt will take care of me now. Aunt Harriet and Uncle Archibald, this is Mr. Clyde. He saw a great snake go into a hole over there just before supper-time, and I think we ought all to be very careful how we pass that way."

"I don't think there is very much danger after nightfall," said Mr. Clyde, who was a pleasant youth with brown hair, "and to-morrow I'll see if I can't kill him. It's a bad place for a snake to have a hole just where ladies would be apt to take their walks."

"I don't think the snake will trouble us much," said Mrs. Archibald, "for we leave to-morrow. Still, it would be a good thing to kill it."

After this there were a few remarks made about snakes, and then Mr. Clyde bade them good-evening.

"How in the world, Margery," said Mrs. Archibald, "did you get acquainted so quickly with that young man—and who is he?'

"Oh, it all happened quite naturally," said she. "As we turned to go out of the woods he was the gentleman nearest to me, and so of course he came with me. Those two girls are sisters, and their name is Dodworth. They introduced Mr. Clyde and the other gentleman, Mr. Raybold, to me. But that was after you had been talking to Mrs. Dodworth, their mother, who is Mr. Raybold's aunt. The other lady, with the shawl on, is Mrs. Henderson; and—would you believe it?—she's grandmother to that girl in the short dress! She doesn't begin to look old enough. The Dodworths don't go into camp at all, but expect to stay here for two weeks longer, and then they go to the sea-shore. Mrs. Henderson leaves day after to-morrow.

"Mr. Clyde and his friend live in Boston. They are both just beginning to practise law, though Mr. Clyde says that Mr. Raybold would rather be an actor, but his family objects. The old gentleman who is walking up and down in front of the hotel has heart-disease, some people say—but that is not certain. He staid here all last summer, and perhaps he will this year. In two weeks hardly any of the people now in this hotel will be here. One family is going into camp when the father and two sons come on to join them, and the rest are going to the sea-shore, except one lady. You may have noticed her—the one with a dark purple dress and a little purple cap. She's a school-teacher, and she will spend the rest of the summer with her sister in Pennsylvania.

"That man Phil Matlack, who is going with us to-morrow, is quite a character, and I expect I shall like him awfully. They say that about five years ago he

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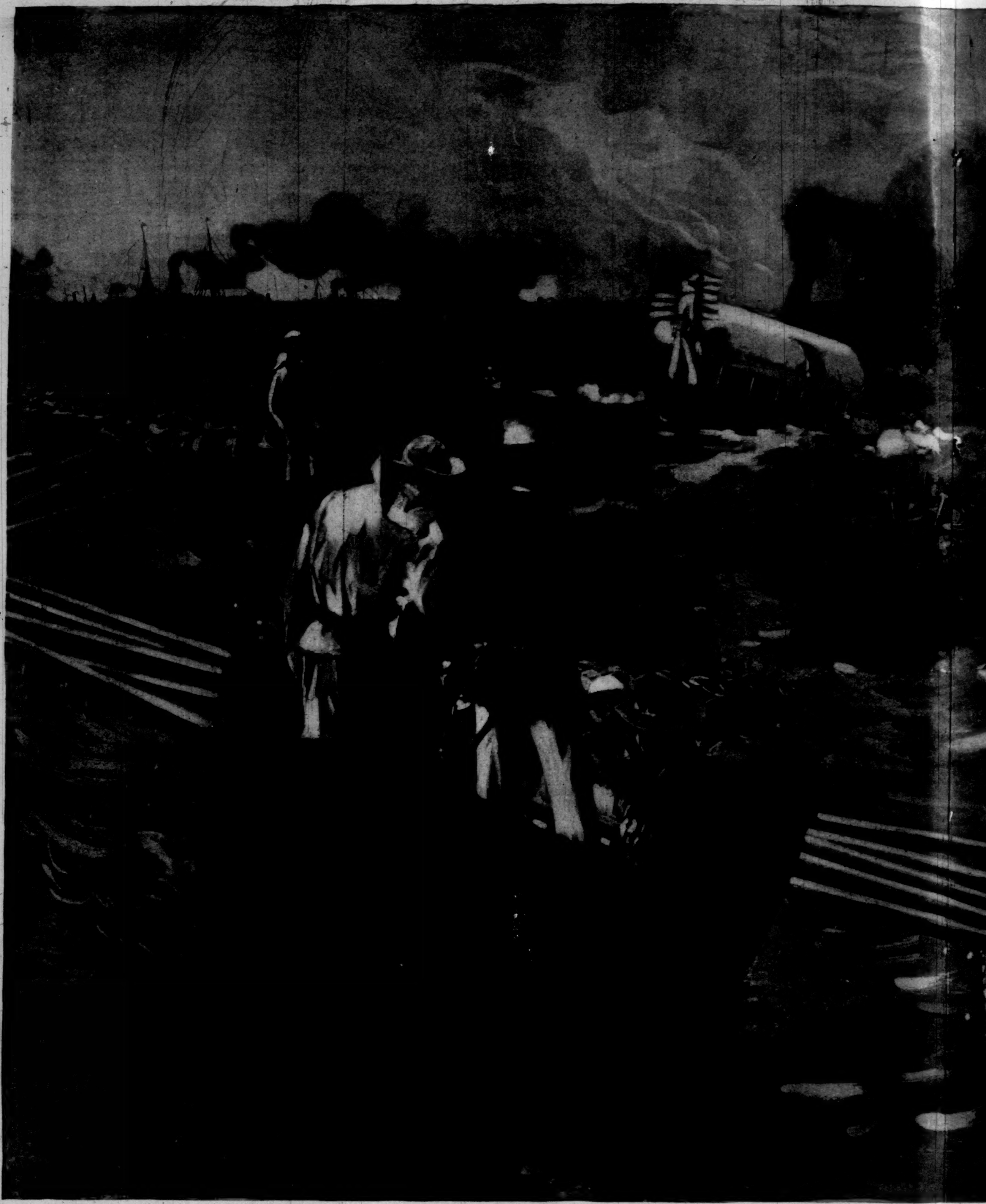
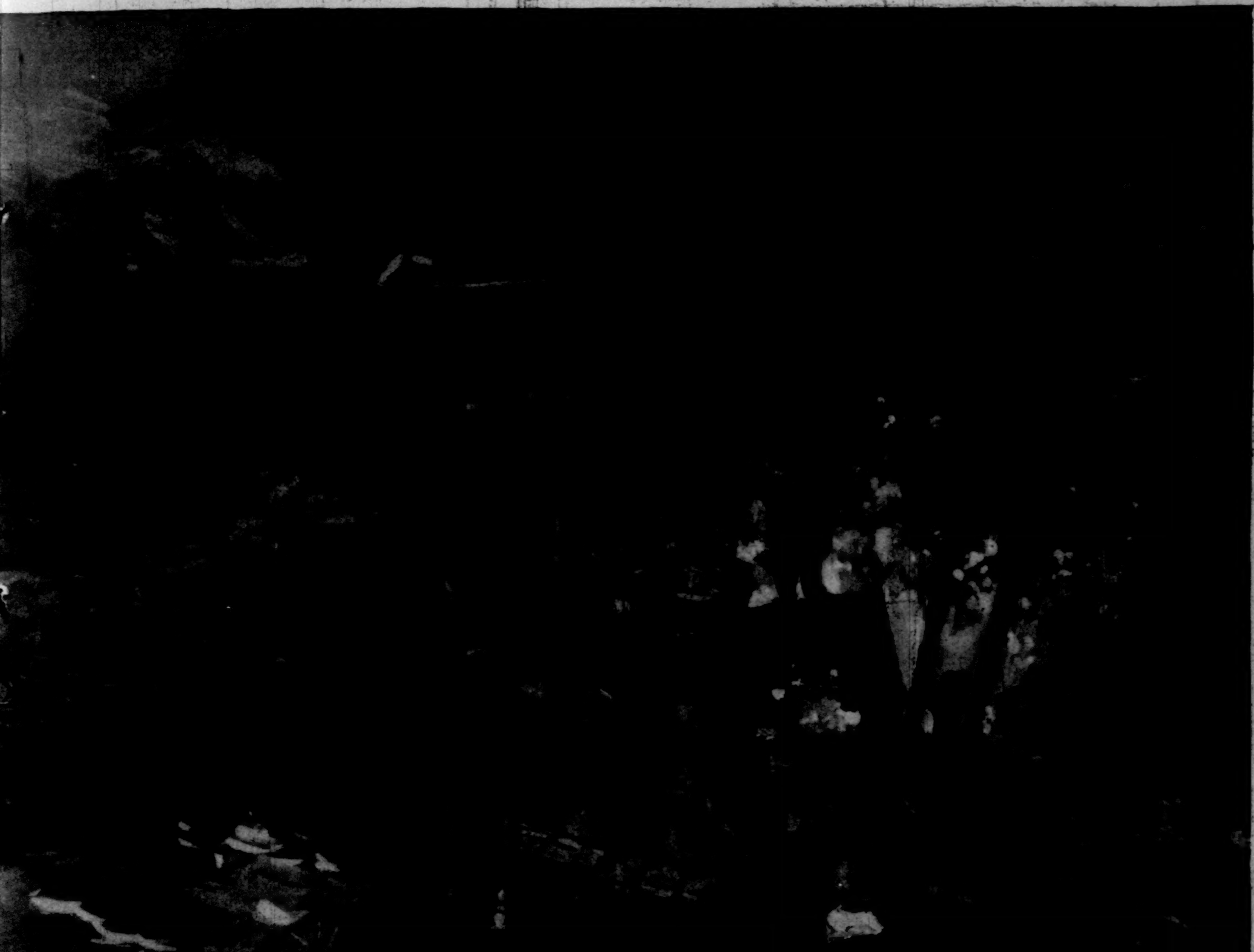
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.



THE INVASION O

Troops of General Shafter's Command landing from Transports at Ba



N OF CUBA.

t Baiquiri, near Santiago, June 22.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

killed a man who made an attack on him in the woods, but he was never tried for it, nor was anything whatever done to him, because Mr. Sadler said he was right, and he would not have any nonsense about it. There are people about here who believe that Phil Matlack would fight a bear single-handed if it happened to be necessary. Mr. Sadler would do it himself if he could walk. Nobody knows how many men he killed when he was fighting Indians; and, would you believe it? his wife is a plain little quiet woman, who lives in some part of the hotel where nobody ever sees her, because she is rather bashful and dislikes company.

"The other person who is going with us is not very much more than a boy, though they say he is very strong and a good hunter. His name is Martin Sanders, and I forgot to say that the old gentleman with the heart-disease is named Parker.

"It's generally thought that Phil Matlack would rather have some one else than Martin Sanders to go with him, because he says Martin knows too much. The fact is that Martin is very well educated, and could have gone into some good business, but he was so fond of the woods that he gave up everything to come out here and learn guiding. You know we were told that our camp in the woods has three rooms in it? Well, it really has four, for there was an artist there last year who built a little room for a studio for rainy days. I expect Mr. Sadler forgot that, or didn't think it worth counting. There are no snakes at all where we are going to camp, but two miles farther on there are lots of them."

"Over the brink of Niagara," interjected Mr. Archibald, "they say eighteen million cubic feet of water pour every minute. Where on earth, Margery, did you fill your mind with all that information?"

"I got it from those two Dodworth girls and Mr. Clyde," said she. "Mr. Raybold told me some things, too, but mostly about his bicycle. He feels badly about it, because he brought it here, and now he finds there is no place to use it. I should think he ought to have known that the primeval forest isn't any place for a bicycle."

"Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Archibald, when they had retired to their room, "I did not agree with you when you wished we could have started for camp to-day, but now I am quite of your mind."

Tuesday was fine, and preparations were made for the Archibald party to start for their camp after an early luncheon.

The bluff and hearty Peter took such an interest in everything that was being done for their comfort, giving special heed to all possible requirements of Mrs. Archibald, that the heart of Mr. Archibald was touched.

"I wish," said he to his good-natured host, "that you were going with us. I do not know any one I would rather camp with than you."

"If I could do it," replied Peter, "I'd like it ever so well. So far as I have been able to make you out, you are the sort of a man I'd be willing to run a camp for. What I like about you is that you haven't any mind of your own. There is nothing I hate worse than to run against a man with a mind of his own. Of course there have to be such fellows, but let them keep away from me. There is no room here for more than one mind, and I have pre-empted the whole section."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "Your opinion of me does not sound very complimentary," he said.

"It is complimentary!" roared Peter Sadler, striking the table with his fist. "Why, I tell you, sir, I couldn't say anything more commendable of you if I tried! It shows that you are a man of common-sense, and that's pretty high praise. Everything I've told you to do you've done. Everything I've proposed you've agreed to. You see for yourself that I know what is better for you and your party than you do, and you stand up like a man and say so. Yes, sir; if a rolling-chair wasn't as bad for the woods as the bicycle that Boston chap brought down here, I'd go along with you."

Mr. Archibald had a very sharp sense of the humorous, and in his enjoyment of a comical situation he liked company. His heart was stirred to put his expedition in its true light before this man who was so honest and plain-spoken. "Mr. Sadler," said he, "if you will take it as a piece of confidential information, and not intended for the general ear, I will tell you what sort of a holiday my wife and I are taking. We are on a wedding-journey." And then he told the story of the proxy bridal tour.

Peter Sadler threw himself back in his chair and laughed with such great roars that two hunting-dogs who were asleep in the hall sprang to their feet and dashed out of the back door, their tails between their legs.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Peter Sadler, "you and your wife are a pair of giants. I don't say anything about that young woman, for I don't believe it would have made any difference to her whether you were on a wedding-trip or travelling into the woods to bury a child. I tell you, sir, you mayn't have a mind that can give out much, but you've got a mind that can take in the biggest kind of thing, and that is what I call grand. It is the difference between a canyon and a mountain. There are lots of good mountains in this world, and mighty few good canyons. Tom, you Tom, come here!"

In answer to the loud call a boy came running up.

"Go into my room," said Peter Sadler, "and bring out a barrel bottle, large size, and one of the stone jars with a red seal on it. Now, sir," said he to Mr. Archibald, "I am going to give you a bottle of the very best whiskey that ever a human being took into the woods, and a jar of smoking-tobacco a great deal too good for any king on any throne. They belong to my private stock, and I am proud to make them a present to a man who will take a wedding-trip to save his grown-up daughter the trouble. As for your wife, there'll be a basket that will go to her with my compliments, that will show her what I think of her. By-the-way, sir, have you met Phil Matlack?"

"No, I have not!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, with animation. "I have heard something about him, and before we start I should like to see the man who is going to take charge of us in camp."

"Well, there he is, just passing the back door. Hello, Phil! come in here."

When the eminent guide Phil Matlack entered the hall, Mr. Archibald looked at him with some surprise, for he was not the conventional tall, gaunt, wiry, keen-eyed backwoodsman who had naturally appeared to his mental vision. This man was of medium height, a little round-shouldered, dressed in a gray shirt, faded brown trousers very baggy at the knees, a pair of conspicuous blue woollen socks, and slippers made of carpet. His short beard and his hair were touched with gray, and he wore a small jockey cap. With the exception of his eyes, Mr. Matlack's facial features were large, and the expression upon them was that of a mild and generally good-natured tolerance of the world and all that was in it. It may be stated that this expression, combined with his manner, indicated also a desire on his part that the world and all that is in it should tolerate him. Mr. Archibald's first impressions of the man did not formulate themselves in these terms; he simply thought that the guide was a slipshod sort of a fellow.

"Phil," said Mr. Sadler, "here is the gentleman you are going to take into camp."

"Glad to see him," said Matlack; "hope he'll like it."

"And I want to say to you, Phil," continued Sadler, "right before him, that he is a first-class man for you to have in charge. I don't believe you ever had a better one. He's a city man, and it's my opinion he don't know one thing about hunting, fishing, making a camp fire, or even digging bait. I don't suppose he ever spent a night outside of a house, and doesn't know any more about the weather than he does about planting cabbages. He's just clean, bright, and empty, like a new peach-basket. What you tell him he'll know, and what you ask him to do he'll do, and if you want a better man than that to take into camp, you want too much. That's all I've got to say."

Matlack looked at Peter Sadler and then at Mr. Archibald, who was leaning back in his chair, his bright eyes twinkling.

"How did you find out all that about him?" he asked.

"Humph!" exclaimed Peter Sadler. "Don't you suppose I can read a man's character when I've had a good chance at him? Now how about the stores—have they all gone on?"

"They were sent out early this mornin'," said Matlack, "and we can start as soon as the folks are ready."

V.—CAMP ROB.

It was early in the afternoon when the Archibald party took up the line of march for Camp Rob. The two ladies, supplied by Mrs. Sadler with coarse riding-skirts, sat each upon a farm-horse, and Mr. Archibald held the bridle of the one that carried his wife. Matlack and Martin Sanders, the young man who was to assist him, led the way, while a led horse, loaded with the personal baggage of the travellers, brought up the rear.

Their way wound through a forest over a wood road, very rough and barely wide enough for the passage of a cart. The road was solemn and still, except where here and there an open space allowed the sunlight to play upon a few scattered wild flowers and brighten the sombre tints of the undergrowth.

After a ride which seemed a long one to the ladies, who wished they had attired themselves in walking costume, the road and the forest suddenly came to an end, and before them stretched out the waters of a small lake. Camp Rob was not far from the head of the lake, and for some distance above and below the forest stood back from the water's edge. In the shade of a great oak-tree there stood a small log house, rude enough to look at, but moderately comfortable within, and from this house to the shore a wide space was cleared of bushes and undergrowth.

The lake was narrow in proportion to its length, which was about two miles, and on the other side the forest looked like a solid wall of green reflected in the water beneath. Even Mrs. Archibald, whose aching back began to have an effect upon her disposition, was delighted with the beauty of the scene, which delight endured until she had descended from her horse and entered the log cabin in which she was to dwell for a time.

It is not necessary to describe the house, nor is it necessary to dive into the depths of Mrs. Archibald's mind as she gazed about her, passing silently from room to room of the little house. She was a good woman, and she had made up her mind that she would not be a millstone around the necks of her companions. Many people have been happy in camps, and, indeed, camp life has become one of the features of our higher civilization, and this, from what she had heard, must be a camp above the common. So, think what she might, she determined to make no open complaint. If it were possible for her to be happy here, she would be happy.

As for Margery, no determination was needed in her case. Everything was better than she had expected to find it. The cabin, with the bark on almost everything, even the furniture, was just what a house in the woods ought to be; and when she entered the little studio, which was nearer allied to the original forest than any other part of the house, she declared that that must be her room, and that living there she would feel almost like a dryad in an oak.

"You've camped out before?" said Phil Matlack to Mr. Archibald, as he was taking a survey of the scene.

"Oh yes," said the other; "I've been out a few days at a time with fishing parties, but we never had such a fine camp as this—so well located and such good accommodations."

"You are a fisherman, then?" said the guide.

"Yes. Very fond of it. Have fished ever since I was a boy, and know a good deal about bait, in spite of what Mr. Sadler said."

"I had an idea of that sort," remarked Phil; "but it ain't no use to contradict Peter. It helps keep up his spirits for him to think he can read the characters of people just as quick as he can aim a rifle. And it's a mighty important thing to keep Peter's spirits up. If Peter's spirits was to go down, things round here would flatten out worse than a rotten punkin when it's dropped."

It did not take long to establish the new-comers in their woodland quarters. The tent for the two men, which had arrived in the morning, was pitched not far from the cabin, and then Matlack and Martin went to work to prepare supper. The dining-room in pleasant weather was the small space in front of the house, where there was a table made of a wide board supported by stakes, with a low and narrow board on each side, also resting on stakes, and forming seats.

The supper was a better one and better served than any of the party had expected. The camp outfit included table-cloths and even napkins.

"To-morrow," said Matlack, as he brought a dish of hot and savory broiled ham, "after Mr. Archibald gets to work, we'll have some fish."

Mrs. Archibald had been a little fearful that under these primitive conditions the two men might expect to sit at the table with them, but she need have had no such fears. Matlack and Martin cooked and waited with a skill and deftness which would have surprised any one who did not reflect that this was as much their business as hunting or woodcraft.

After supper a camp fire was built at a safe distance from the house, for although the evening air was but slightly cool, a camp without a camp fire would not be a camp. The party ranged themselves around it, Mrs. Archibald on a rug brought from the cabin, and her husband and Margery on the ground. Mr. Archibald lighted his pipe, the fire lighted the trees and the lake, and joy inexpressible lighted the heart of Margery.

"If I could smoke a pipe," said she, "and get Mr. Matlack to come here and tell me how he killed a man, I should be perfectly happy."

That night Mrs. Archibald lay awake on her straw mattress. Absolute darkness was about her, but through the open window she could see, over the tops of the trees on the other side of the lake, one little star.

"If I could get any comfort out of that little star," thought the good lady, "I would do it; but I can't do it, and there is nothing else to comfort me."

On the other side of the room, on another straw mattress, she could hear her husband breathing steadily. Then, upon the bare boards of the floor, which were but a few inches below her little cot-bed, she thought she heard the patter of small feet. A squirrel, perhaps, or, horrible to think of, it might be a rat. She was sure rats would eat straw beds, and her first impulse was to wake Mr. Archibald; but she hesitated, he was sleeping so soundly. Still she listened, and now she became almost certain that what she heard was not the patter of small feet; it sounded more like something soft which was dragging itself over the floor—possibly a snake. This idea was simply awful, and she sat up in bed. Still she did not call Mr. Archibald, for should he suddenly spring on the floor, he would be in more danger from the snake than she was.

She listened and she listened, but she heard nothing more, and then her reason began to assure her that a snake's movements on a bare floor would be absolutely noiseless; but in a moment all thoughts of serpents were driven from her head. Outside of the cabin she heard a sound that could be nothing less than the footsteps of some living creature—a wild beast, perhaps a panther. The door was shut and fastened, but the window was open. To call Mr. Archibald and tell him a wild beast was walking outside the house would be positively wicked. Half awakened, he would probably rush out of the door to see what it was. What could she do? For an instant she thought of lighting a candle and standing it in the window. She knew that wild beasts were afraid of fire, and she did not believe that even a panther would dare jump over a lighted candle. But if she struck a match and got up she would waken her husband; and besides, if the wind, of which she could feel a puff every now and then, did not blow out the candle, it might blow it over and set fire to the cabin.

She heard the footsteps no more, and lay down again, but not to sleep. The wind seemed to be rising, and made a wild unearthly sound as it surged through the trees which surrounded and imprisoned her, and shut her out from the world in which she was born and in which she ought to live. There was a far-away sound which came to her ears once, twice, thrice, and which might have been the call of some ghostly bird or the war-whoop of an Indian. At last she drew her covering over her head, determined that so long as she could not see she would not hear.

"A wedding-journey!" she said to herself, and the idea, coupled with the sense of her present grewsome and doleful condition, was so truly absurd and ridiculous that she could not restrain a melancholy laugh.

"What is the matter, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Archibald, suddenly turning over in his bed. "Are you choking? Is the room too close? Shall I open the door?"

"No, indeed," she said, "for that was a laugh you heard. I couldn't help laughing at the thought that there should be two such idiots in the world as you and myself."

"It is idiotic, isn't it?" said Mr. Archibald. "It is gloriously idiotic, and it will do us both a world of good. It is such complete and perfect change that I don't wonder you laugh." And he laughed himself, clearly and loudly, and turned over on his side and went to sleep.

Mrs. Archibald knew that she would not sleep another wink that night, but she did sleep seven hours and a half, and was awakened by Margery singing outside her window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

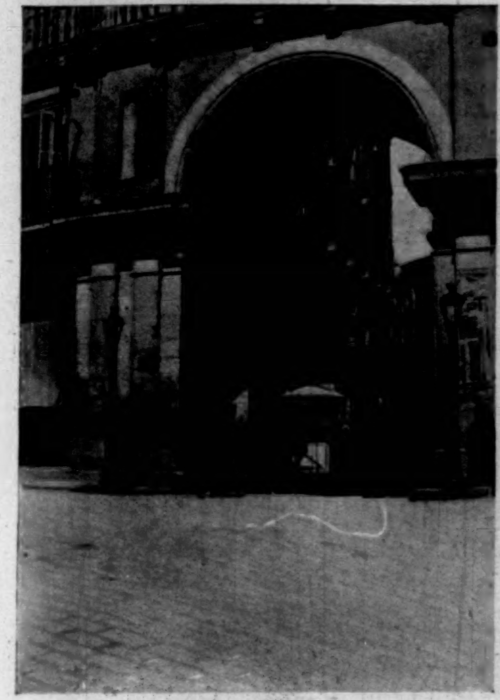
SONG OF THE BATTLE-SHIP STOKERS.

Heave on the coal, to win the goal,
  Of a blasting ocean war!
By pits of hell stand sentinel,
  As the deadly cannon roar.
The engines beat in blanching heat;
  Our battle-ship ploughs her course;
Up there they fight in cool daylight,
  While we feed the monster's force.

Over the sea, our battery
  Will lay waste the upper world;
And far from fame we feed the flame,
  As the bursting bombs are hurled.
We cannot know the ebb and flow
  Of the battle's rushing tide;
But hear the boom of unknown doom
  Where the thundering war-ships ride.

Each moment passed may be our last,
  For the crashing bomb-shells fly,
And fires of fate reverberate
  In the wide, smoke-laden sky.
In lurid night we feed the fight,
  As the belching cannon roar.
Heave on the coal, to win the goal
  Of our country's ocean war!

Katharine Coolidge.



MADRID—PLAZA WHERE HERETICS WERE BURNED.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

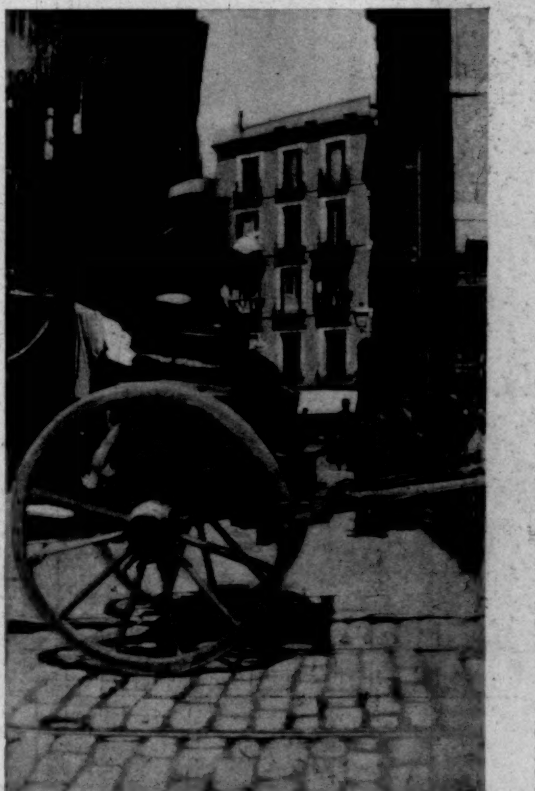
IX.—THE ENGLISH EMBASSY IN MADRID.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION FROM THE STAND-POINT OF A TYPICAL SPANIARD.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLF represented England in Spain on the occasion of my first visit, and to this fortunate circumstance I must attribute the rare treat of an inspection of one of the most interesting buildings in Madrid, the British Embassy. Sir Henry is as proud of his Spanish official residence as though he himself had invented it, and took me over the different apartments in the spirit of an enthusiast delighting in a work of art of his own creation. For he occupies the house which once belonged to Cardinal Ximenes—the palace of a man who was at one time more powerful than his king; the man, in short, whom some possibly sincere people still publicly defend as the organizer of the Spanish Inquisition. I confess that, even as the guest of so cheerful an entertainer as the British ambassador, the dishes that were offered me lost something of their savor for being served in halls that must have heard the moans of brave men who were being twisted out of shape in neighboring rooms. This feeling wears off after a while, else Sir Henry would not have looked so well. I am speaking here, however, of the spring of 1897. On my last visit he was away on sick-leave.

Sir Henry talked freely on the political situation, as it was then—when it seemed about as bad as to-day. Of course a diplomat can never be publicly quoted, unless he himself supplies the quotation marks. In many respects the English embassy was in a better position to know what was about to happen than any other in Madrid, not excepting our own. England is on a friendly footing with Spain, not merely for the sentimental reason that British troops helped to establish her independence from the rule of Napoleon, but for the more substantial reason that England is an excellent customer for Spanish wines, oranges, raisins, olives, and has no rival colonial interests. True it is that whenever other news is slack the Spanish press discovers that Gibraltar is on Spanish territory, but before that fact is generally appreciated there is a Carlist war, or an insurrection in one of her colonies, which serves to distract attention for the moment. English tourists are the ones that are alone recognized in Spain—the only ones credited with money and the capacity for looking after themselves. When the natives see a Yankee, they never suspect him of being other than English—which, by-the-way, is a mighty lucky thing for us nowadays. At the same time that England is highly respected by Spaniards, that country is the only one whose representative in Madrid has uniformly treated the American minister as his colleague and friend. There seems to be an unwritten law in all out-of-the-way places that whenever an American gets into a tight place he can count on the assistance of John Bull.



ARTILLERY FOR CUBA PASSING THROUGH MADRID.

Whether there was any understanding between the two governments a year ago, or whether there is at this moment (April 16), I know not, but it struck me as a happy omen, when the American Legation was guarded against the possible outbreak of a mob, and when our minister was shunned by Spanish society, that the British representative should pay him conspicuous attention—in short, give unofficial notice to Spain that England and the United States bore relations to each other that could not be strengthened in treaties.

If in the future any cause for quarrel should ever arise between England and our country, there will not be wanting friends of peace who will then recall to our people that when our legation in Madrid was in danger, it was England that spontaneously offered us the protection of her flag.

Sir Henry said nothing of this kind to me; it was all too much a matter of course. But he showed me the little rooms where the monks had prayed and fasted before going to assist at the dismemberment of some wretched heretic. These little cells make very small bedrooms for the diplomats of to-day, to be sure, but it would be a thousand pities to have this interesting building altered for the sake of more luxurious sleeping-spaces. Sir Henry pointed out to me the little grated panels in the massive doors, through which food was passed, and by means of which a watch was maintained upon the holy brethren.

Underneath the street runs a tunnel, connecting the palace of the cardinal with the building across the way, which was the prison where the accused were confined until their bodies had lost all elasticity and their minds all capacity for coherent reasoning. I had seen enough. The prospect of a visit to those vile dungeons did not stimulate me in the least. Torture-chambers do not interest me; no more does the bull-ring.

On returning to my lodgings in the Calle de Fernando di Federico di Madrazo, I found little Carmen much agitated by the news that a señor was waiting for me upstairs. It proved to be a Spanish gentleman whom I had met at the table of Mr. Castelar—a gentleman who had filled honorably a high office under the government. He had large estates in Spain, and was a traveller familiar with social life in other capitals of Europe. He had his carriage waiting downstairs, and asked me to take a drive with him in the park. I accepted with pleasure, on condition that he frankly answer all my questions. He said he would, and so I began by the most delicate of all—how so Christian a people tolerated bull-fighting. He took my question in good part, though he warned me that amongst Spaniards who did not travel the bull-ring was almost too sacred a thing to question. Even the Queen-Regent, one of the most beautiful characters he had ever known, lost some of her influence over the people because she never would appear at a bull-fight. Yet she cannot prevent the little King from being debauched by this degrading spectacle.

I asked if the clergy did not take some organized stand against it. He said, "They are unpopular enough already; they cannot afford to jeopardize the little that remains to them."

As my friend explained this matter of the proverbial Spanish cruelty to me, I gathered these scraps of conclusions: The Spaniard, individually, is as gentle, as kind to his familiars, as the people of other European countries. His sins spring mostly from ignorance, which, in its turn, produces a certain indifference. He looks on at a cruel act merely because no one has taught him that cruelty is wrong. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals may exist, but so long as the public conscience on the subject is not awakened their efforts waste themselves in philanthropic resolutions. Our consul in Barcelona, H. W. Bowen, an old collegemate, told me, on the occasion of my visit there, that he had taken, or rather striven to take, an active interest in such a society from the very outset of his official residence in the country, but that he soon discovered that its functions were mainly of the resolution-passing kind.

In Spain I have frequently had to admire the intelligent manner in which the mules and their masters have understood one another in the matter of working up and down steep hills. I have seen Spanish drivers chatting with their animals and sharing their loaf of bread with them. We are of course prone to notice the occasions when a driver loses patience and flogs unreasonably, but against these few I am prepared to believe that the great majority of Spaniards love their useful animals, and treat them as well as they treat themselves. On the whole of our bicycle run I cannot recall a single instance of a lame mule, horse, or donkey in harness. I wonder if I could say as much after an equally varied journey in America or in England.

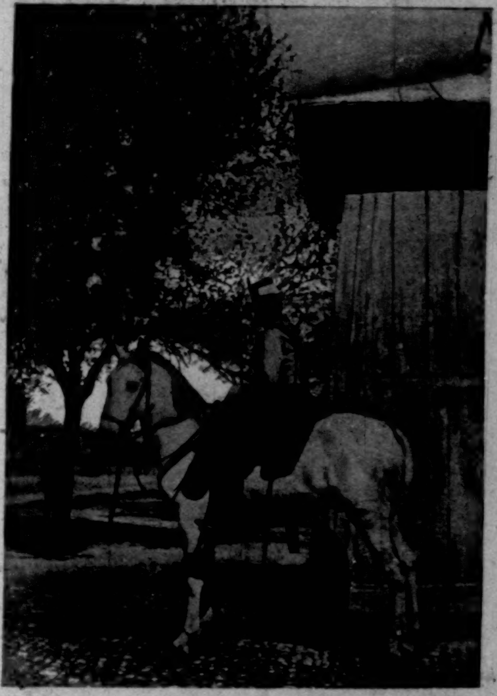
My Spanish friend knew that I was an American, of course, and yet on my return to Madrid this spring, after a year's absence, he welcomed me as cordially as ever. He spoke with feeling about the impending war, and voiced the same thoughts as his friend Castelar—that war was a disgraceful thing to happen at such a time between two such countries. "We are both to blame in this matter," said he, "but the most important thing to be done, if peace is to result, is to take such a matter as this out of the hands of popular agitators and leave it to a tribunal of impartial jurists.

"God knows that we Spaniards ardently desire peace, at any price that does not stain our national honor. The United States have helped to make the Cuban rebellion formidable, and now your government upbraids us because we do not put an end to it at once."

I pointed out to him that the American public sentiment on this subject had been developed gradually by the constant reports from Cuba, showing us that the war there was being waged in a cruel manner. He admitted this, and deplored the fact that when Spaniards got to fighting it became a question not of taking but of killing the most prisoners.

"The Cubans are like us in this matter," said he. He went on to point out that Spain at bottom lived still in the Middle Ages so far as views of war were concerned, and that things which we regarded as barbarous to them were mere matters of course.

It was hard to press this point without losing our tempers, so I asked him how far his government would be apt to go towards a solution of this Cuban matter. I pointed out at the same time that Americans had but little faith left for any promises made by the Spanish government unless action went before. Mr. Castelar had in the previous year told me that he thought the government meant to be generous in its treatment of Cuba, and the late Prime-Minister Cánovas had assured me emphatically, as late as March of 1897, that he contemplated the fullest home-rule for Cuba—home-rule that could not fail to satisfy every sensible Cuban.



HORSE-GUARD OPPOSITE KING'S PALACE, MADRID.

My friend did not resent my apparent lack of confidence in ministerial promises; on the contrary, he probably shared the feelings of Mr. McKinley on this delicate subject. We soon agreed that the concessions demanded of Spain must be more material than promises.

He was very much dejected, and dwelt upon the empty state of the Spanish Treasury, the difficulty of paying the interest on the national debt, the terrible depreciation in the paper currency, which during my short stay in the country had sunk from 35 per cent. to 42 per cent. below face or coin value, so that 142 pesetas in paper could only buy 100 pesetas of real money. The press of all parties had so loudly and indignantly repudiated the mere idea of parting with Cuba, at any price, that I hesitated before finally hinting to him delicately that there was a solution of the question that might fill the Treasury of Spain for the moment and enable the weary troops to return home.

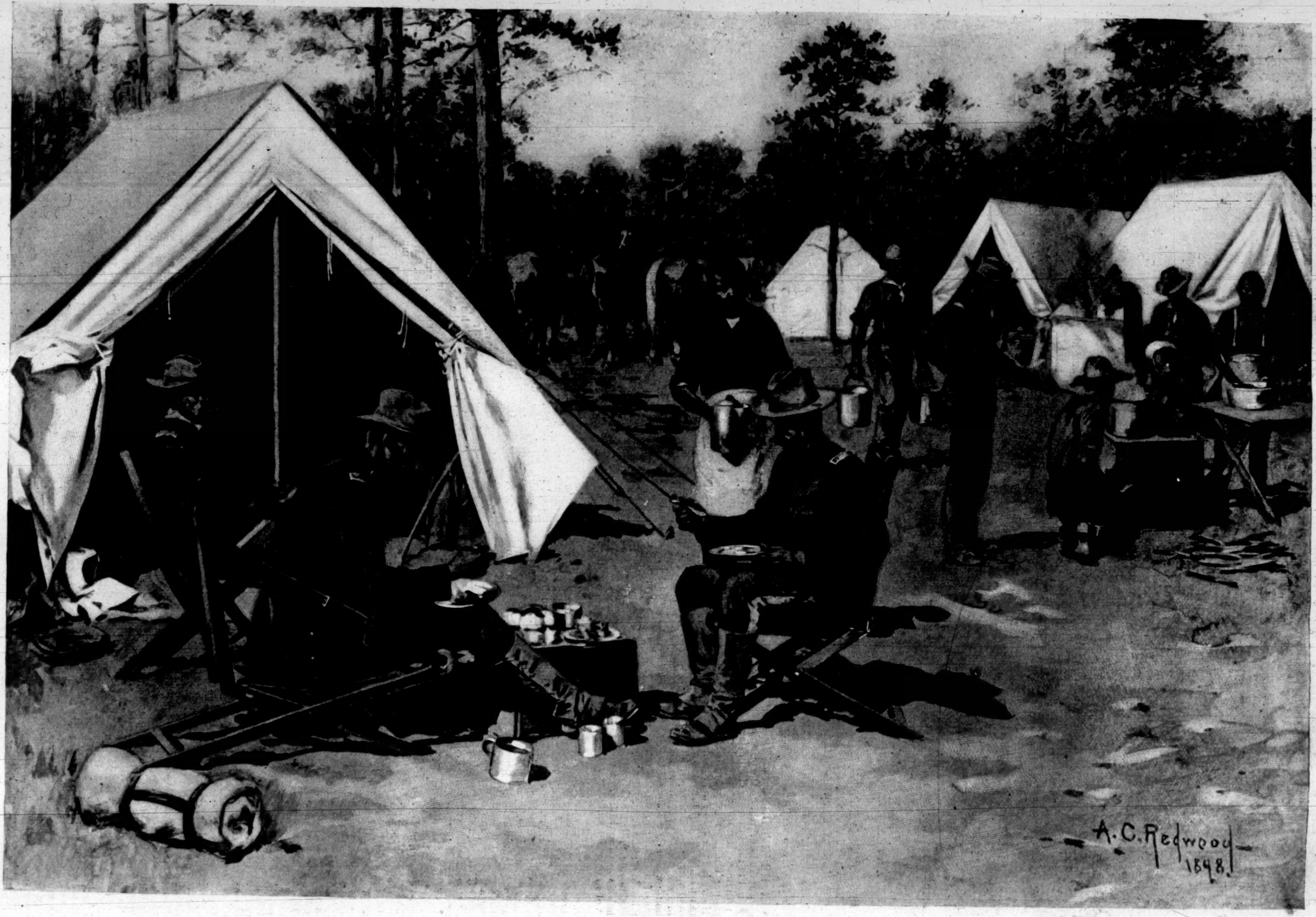
He probably guessed what I meant, but pretended not to.

"Can you imagine any situation so desperate that your government would listen to a proposal for the purchase of Cuba?"

He looked attentively at me for a moment, and then said, emphatically but coldly, "Yes, I can imagine such a state of things."

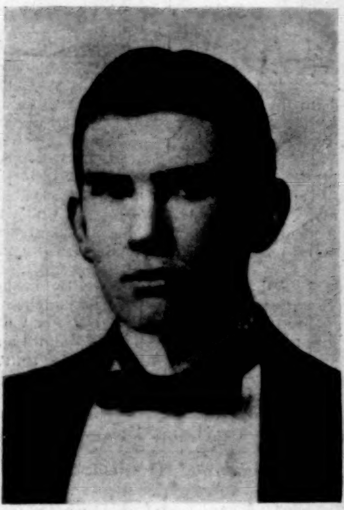
I confess that I was not prepared for such an admission, least of all from a man so near to the government. He went on to explain to me that with a people so sensitive in matters of form as Spaniards it was not a light matter to carry through a diplomatic scheme of this kind without an outburst from the Jingoes, and perhaps an attempt at revolution. He had much respect for General Woodford, he said, and it was a source of great comfort to him to know that at such a time the legation was in the hands of so good a man.

My friend spoke with a full sense of his responsibility, knowing well that I appreciated the relations he held towards the government as well as to Mr. Castelar. He had no social relations with our legation, but knew that I was to dine with General Woodford that evening; and his manner convinced me that he sought in this way to get certain ideas discussed in the proper quarters without compromising his government. I cannot give this gentleman's name, but I attach considerable importance to the views he expressed, because he is not a peace-at-any-price man, but a patriotic, long-headed, and eminently trustworthy Spaniard.

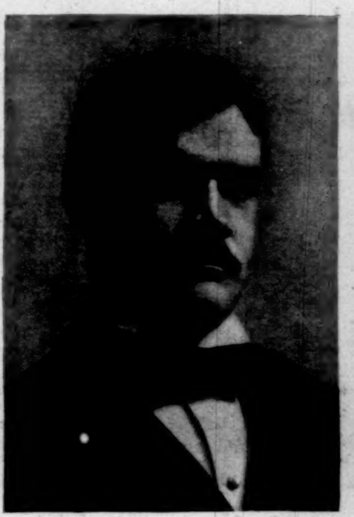

A. C. Redwood
1898.

"PEASE ON A TRENCHER"—OFFICERS' MESS, 9TH U. S. CAVALRY (COLORED), PORT TAMPA.
FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY A. C. REDWOOD.

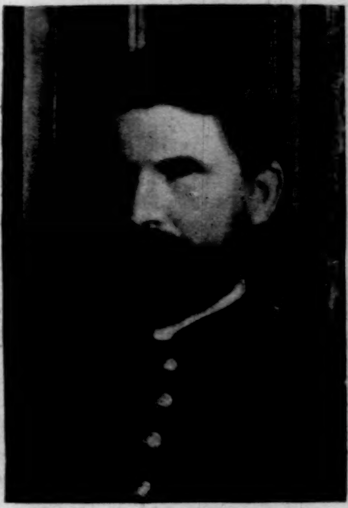
CAPTAIN ALLYN K. CAPRON, U.S.V.,
Troop L, "Rough Riders." Killed.



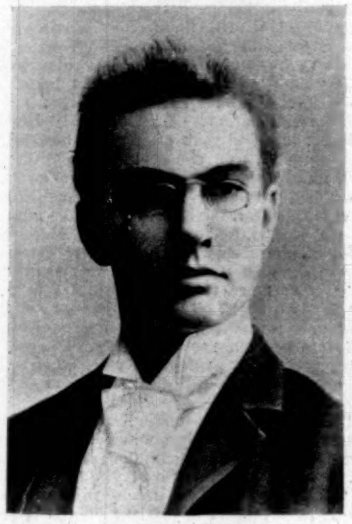
SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH, JR.,
Troop L, "Rough Riders." Killed.



SERGEANT MARCUS DENNISON RUSSELL,
Troop G, "Rough Riders." Killed.



CORPORAL ALEX. LIIENNOC,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.



EDWARD MARSHALL,
Correspondent N.Y. "Journal." Seriously wounded.

PRIVATE GUSTAVE A. KOLBE,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.

PRIVATE EMIL BJORK,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.

PRIVATE PETER H. DIX,
Troop K, 1st United States Cavalry. Killed.

VICTIMS OF THE BATTLE OF LA GUASIMA, NEAR SANTIAGO, JUNE 24.

CUBA.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Off Santiago, *Monday, June 6, 1898.*

This morning at forty-five minutes past seven o'clock the ships of Admiral Sampson's squadron began firing upon Santiago de Cuba. The attack made on Tuesday of last week was simply to locate the batteries of the enemy and develop their power. Since that affair Lieutenant Harlowe of the *Vixen*, with several Cubans for guides, climbed the hills overlooking the harbor, and determined accurately the positions of the ships inside and the various batteries commanding the approaches to the city. On a hill to the west of the channel is a new masked battery of modern guns 150 feet above the sea, and to the eastward of Morro another masked battery, 80 feet above the water. All of these guns were fired to-day with smokeless powder, so it was hard to tell, when our ships were firing, whether the enemy were serving their guns with energy or not; an occasional shell screaming through the air and sending up a great geyser when it struck the water was the only visible sign.

To the right and left of each of these batteries were smaller groups of rapid-fire guns, so there were two distinct points to attack and two separate attacking forces, the ships being divided as follows: To the east, the *New York* (flag-ship), *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *New Orleans*, *Yankee*, and *Dolphin*, with the *Porter*, torpedo-boat, lying out of range; on the west, under Commodore Schley, the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Texas*, *Marblehead*, *Vixen*, and *Suwanee;* the last two, as well as the *Dolphin* on the other side, lay close inshore and devoted their entire attention to the small batteries.

The eight men from the *Merrimac* were confined in old Morro, and so that picturesque pile was exempted from the fire, nor was it struck by accident during the action, though the barracks near by were hit repeatedly.

Viewed as a spectacle merely, the scene was one long to be remembered. The towering hills, bathed in the morning sunlight, showed green slopes that lifted steeply toward the sky and contrasted sharply with the dark shadows of ravines; the clouds hung low over and around their peaks, and rolled in masses of vapor down the sides of lofty Mount Cobre. Out at sea, mist and rain shut in like a curtain the borders of this scene, while the advancing pomp of thunder and lightning overhead mingled with the flash and roar and deep reverberation of the batteries on sea and shore. The *New York* fired the first shot, the other ships following quickly, until all were engaged, and the continual rumble and shock of the heavy discharges drowned the thunder of the heavens and echoed and re-echoed among the hills. The sunlight for a time lit up the great domes of smoke that rose and hung in fantastic shapes about the ships, but at half past eight it began to rain heavily, growing quite dark, and the smoke, beaten down, hung low over the water, wrapping the ships in an impenetrable mist. Along the lower hills thin wreaths of white vapor crept, rolling out into rings or hanging in straight lines of white in the ravines, and on a hill back of the town a fire burst out, the flames burning brightly and remaining for some time, until finally hidden in smoke and mist.

It was like trying to watch two rings in a circus. From our point of view right off Morro both divisions could be plainly seen, but only one at a time could be properly followed. The ships kept moving slowly about in short circles, firing at a range of about twenty-eight hundred yards, the guns of both divisions converging on the batteries and ships in the harbor. In the channel entrance shells were falling constantly, sending up columns of water twenty or thirty feet that looked like small waterspouts, that would topple over and disappear. These shots were from the mortar battery, that, having the range of the harbor entrance, was satisfied to fire there, although there was nothing to hit but the water. One of the Spanish ships could be seen at times through the smoke at the harbor mouth—the *Reina Mercedes*. She was struck several times, and must have suffered considerable damage. It is reported that the captain, five seamen, and twenty-one marines were killed, and twelve wounded (reported in the Kingston papers). Over on the west side the little *Vixen*, formerly the yacht *Josephine*, was close in under the land, firing constantly, and, with the *Suwanee*, making it lively for the near-shore battery. One man on the *Suwanee* was slightly injured by a piece of exploding shell. There were many narrow escapes, however, and it seems remarkable that neither ships nor men should have suffered after being under fire for more than two hours. A shell passed over the bridge of the *Texas*, and striking the water twenty feet beyond the ship, exploded, giving out a suffocating odor that caused the officers on the bridge and the men in the near-by port to turn and gasp for breath. The combination of powder smoke and rain acted as an acid on the paint of the ships, peeling it off in sheets wherever it came near the muzzles of the guns. One of the forward-turret guns of the *Texas* was fired straight ahead across the deck, taking all the paint along the superstructure off as neatly as if it had been done with a knife. The *New York* also suffered in places in the same way.

The *Yankee* and *Dolphin*, over on the east side of the harbor mouth, were firing with great rapidity, both quite close inshore, with the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, and *New Orleans* a little farther out and keeping their guns on the enemy. The *Oregon*, with her big guns trained over to starboard, giving her a slight list, wreathed in pale smoke and lit by the flashes of her broadside battery, made a picture at once terrible and impressive of the modern fighting-ship. As she moved away out of action, still firing her after guns, her crew were swarming the decks and superstructure forward, playing the hose and scrubbing down as if they had been merely at morning target practice. About 10.30 the *New York*, that had for some time been out of action down to the eastward, came along the line flying the signal to cease firing, and the ships then drew off, getting a parting salute from the forts, which the *Texas*, nearest in, replied to with a couple of shots.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Tuesday, June 14, 1898.*

The coast of Cuba along the south side of the province of Santiago is one succession of desolate hills, rising smoothly from the sea in most places, but dropping off now and then in steep cliffs of limestone or granite rock. In the face of these sea-walls are many caves, hollowed out by the action of the waves, and around them and into them the waters boil and fret, set on by the ground-swell and urged by the almost constant wind. Beyond this first range of rocky hills, covered with low and scraggly gray-green vegetation, is a series of steep and forbidding ranges, backed by mountains that loom blue and distant or hang nearer by over the lower hills. Precipitous and gashed with deep ravines, they offer no sign of human life or comfort, and on many of their ridged sides the foot of man rarely if ever treads. This is the kind of coast that extends westward from Cape Maisi 200 miles, and with the exception of tiny coves where small boats might land, there are no harbors that offer protection to vessels of any size, save two only—one where the hills sweep northward around the plateau in which is set the snug landlocked harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and the other the beautiful Bahia de Guantanamo, thirty-nine miles to the eastward. Eight miles east of Santiago there are a small town and cove in which an American company has built a large iron pier to which vessels come to load with iron ore, and where it is purposed to land troops to march on Santiago. A refuge for the fleet and a coaling-station being necessary on this coast, Guantanamo was selected as an available spot, and accordingly, on Tuesday, June 7, the *Marblehead*, accompanied by the *St. Louis* and *Yankee*, steamed up there from the fleet, the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* going in and throwing a few shots into the block-house on the hill and the houses along the beach on the inside of Windward Point, and looking about to note the possibilities of the place.

A cable line runs from Santiago to Kingston, another to Guantanamo, and from there to Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti. There is a perfect net-work of wires running out of Santiago, and on Monday, the 6th, after the bombardment in the morning, the *St. Louis* and cable-steamer *Adria* got to work and cut the last one, as they supposed. Off Guantanamo the *St. Louis* immediately began grappling for the cable to Mole St. Nicholas, and found and cut it in short order, the *Marblehead* and *Yankee* remaining inside in plain sight of the fort at Caimanera; at dusk the fort fired some shots, and a Spanish gunboat mounting seven 4.7-inch guns came out and gave them battle for a few minutes, and then hastily retired. There were mines in the channel farther on, which alone prevented the two ships from going up and settling matters at once. A collier was sent up from the fleet on Wednesday, with the *Dolphin* and *Vixen*, and when we steamed into the beautiful bay on Thursday we found the *Marblehead* on guard, the little cruiser *Vixen* coaling from the *Sterling*. Over the point of land the Spanish flag waved above the fort, but the stars and stripes flew in the harbor and had come to stay. The calm water and white beach shining in the sun, with the rich foliage along the wooded shores and high blue hills beyond, made the place extremely peaceful and attractive after the rugged hills and tumbling water that we had known outside. The bay was once called Cumberland Harbor, and now would be a good time to rename it.

On board the *Marblehead* the lookouts never ceased to watch the fort and the gunboat, whose mast and funnel we could see over the low point which hid the deeper bay beyond. The loaded guns gave out on all sides their warning, and though a thousand eyes watched the scene from the thicket-hidden shores, no sound of gun disturbed the peace of the day.

Friday morning the transport *Panther*, in company with the *Yosemite*, arrived with the United States marine battalion, 650 men, under command of Colonel Huntington. They anchored close in off the beach, and after shelling the place and setting fire to the shanties and remains of the block-house on the low hill, the marines went ashore. The cable station, a one-story corrugated-iron affair, was shot full of holes, but left standing. The fishermen's houses were burned down for fear of contagion. Taking possession of the hill-top, they immediately began clearing away the wreckage, throwing up intrenchments, and setting up tents and camp equipage at the foot of the hill, among the palms and bushes. On the highest point a tall staff was raised, and for the first time the American flag floated in possession of the soil of Cuba.

Sad, dirty soil it was to the tired men who toiled all day in the heat and lay on their arms at night, eaten by mosquitoes, and in expectation of attack at any moment. From the very first the marine battalion has behaved splendidly. The transport *Panther* was fitted out with remarkable expedition—her stores "broken out," as sailors say, from the navy storehouse at the New York Navy Yard and put aboard in twenty-four hours. Jammed into narrow quarters on the *Panther*, the men had to suffer great inconvenience, and when finally landed and camped on the sand spit called Camp Sampson at Key West they were not much better off, and suffered from heat, flies, and mosquitoes as much as they would have in Cuba; but their fine appearance and the good behavior of the men, as well as their quick and efficient readiness for instant work, speak volumes for the officers and men of the marine corps.

Friday night and Saturday passed in constant work getting camp and intrenchments ready, and the men were worn out with loss of sleep and severe labor when darkness came down on Saturday.

Late in the afternoon two pickets, who were posted some two miles away from the camp, were eating a bite of supper and taking a rest under some trees, lulled into carelessness by the quiet that had so far reigned. These two men, privates Dunphy and McColgan, were shot and instantly killed by a Spanish lieutenant and his men, who had crept unobserved through the woods and fired at close range.

At 7 o'clock the Spaniards began firing from all sides and at close quarters. From the hills and black shadow of the trees came the sharp crack of the rifles, the bullets thudding on the ground, whirring through the air, chipping off branches and leaves of trees, and falling in a hail in the water. There were several boats near the shore, and three war-ships lying quietly at anchor in the still bay. The *Marblehead* fired several shots, but as their fire would have been as dangerous to friend as to foe, they could do little.

The marines had quickly formed, and from their position on the low hill came a steady return fire, checking the attack, and driving it back after a time. All night the shots were popping, now rising in furious volleys and again sinking away to scattered reports. One of the first to fall was Assistant-Surgeon Gibbs, who was shot in his tent door, having just remarked, when the firing began, that he did "not want to be killed in such a place."

On Sunday morning the *Texas* came in, and sent ashore two Colt automatic guns, which were dragged up and set in position at the top of the hill.

In the Saturday-night attack Sergeant Smith was killed, and early in the morning Lieutenant Neville with a platoon of men went out to find his body and bring it in. They were attacked by a strong force, and had to fall back. The bodies of McColgan and Dunphy were recovered, and with that of Dr. Gibbs were buried at ten o'clock on the southern slope of the hill, the enemy firing so heavily that the funeral party had to take to their guns, and the salutes that were fired over the graves were solid shot that whistled in among the Spaniards.

Sunday night the firing began again in heavy volleys, and the war-ships took a hand, word being passed by megaphone where to fire, when the *Marblehead* sent shell after shell among the enemy, one, by request, as close as one hundred feet east of the little hill which the marines were holding. The Spaniards are very much afraid of the ships, and they have learned by experience how much execution they can do.

Monday remained fairly quiet, occasional shots being exchanged, and the men lying by their guns in readiness for an alarm. Sergeant Smith was buried on Monday, with Sergeant-Major Good, a splendid soldier, who had spent many years in the service, and who was devoted to his duty.

Tuesday morning, about seven o'clock, while half the marines were at breakfast in the camp at the foot of the hill, the Spanish began firing from the woods to the eastward. The men at breakfast, having stacked their guns at the top of the hill, broke out fresh boxes and rallied, driving back the attacking party. The *Marblehead's* launch, coming inshore at this time, opened fire on the Spaniards, chasing them along the beach with her rapid-fire one-pounder.

It was then determined to clean the enemy out of the woods, and an attacking force under Captain Elliott was sent out—Spicer's and Elliott's companies, C and D, with Company A, divided into platoons under Lieutenants Ingate and Magill. Divided among the commands were about forty Cubans.

Ingate's column was misled by his guide, who was then disarmed and brought back under arrest. The platoon of Company A under Lieutenant Magill went around to the eastward, and drove the enemy back toward their camp and block-house near the shore on the south side of the point, where were Elliott's and Spicer's commands, having followed the shore to westward, driving the Spaniards before them; and between the two fires they were completely whipped and driven off, their block-house and water-supply destroyed, and heliograph signal outfit captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded exceeded the entire number of the attacking party. Several of the Cubans were killed or wounded, and many of the marines were so utterly exhausted that but for the timely aid of the *Dolphin*, that had steamed around the coast and sent in her boats to bring off the wounded, many would have dropped from sheer exhaustion.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Wednesday, June 15.*

The still water and air of quiet that prevail are in great contrast with the turmoil and battle of yesterday—the voices of men, the whir of a steam-launch, or plash of oars comes in subdued notes across the broad surface of the beautiful bay.

The *Abarenda*, big and black, loaded with coal, and armed with six-pounder guns, lies near us, and has on board the seventeen prisoners captured yesterday. They were much averse to climbing up the slim rope ladder that reached to her deck, but at least have had enough to eat by this time. They all looked half starved, and reported scarcity of food, though every one and all the men found dead in the woods were loaded down with ammunition. The captured lieutenant was taken on board the *Marblehead*, and I saw him sitting at the hospitable ward-room table and making himself quite at home. Over toward the western shore the *Panther*, *Yosemite*, and *Sterling* are lying in a bunch together. The *Porter* lies alongside the *Abarenda*—small, spirited, and tireless. The *Dolphin* and *Marblehead* swing clear of the other ships, with their guns ready for instant service. On shore the flag floats over the hill, the white tents, and swarming marines, who look like big brown ants moving about on the fresh red earth of their intrenchments. Tents are going up on the hill, and at the foot, near the mess-tents and hospital, the Cuban forces are setting up shacks built of palms, cleverly put together with the Indianlike wood-lore these people have.

The sun blazes hot on the hill, and the flag droops in the faint breeze; the green rounded slopes beyond simmer in the glaring light and are still, with big black birds hovering over and dipping in among the trees.

The roughly built landing is surrounded with boats. Distilled water from the *Panther* comes in, in large barrels loaded into a cutter, and a sergeant superintends dealing it out to the men, who fill their canteens and supply their mess-kettles—good pure water, if it is rather warm. Earlier in the day every man who could was splashing about in the cooling sea, having a good swim and getting the kinks out of his tired limbs. All day, in fact, except at high noon, men were in the water, washing the red dirt of Cuba out of their systems and scrubbing their clothes, after five days of incessant toil and fighting. The clean deep sea-water, clear as crystal, and washing the sands within ten feet of their mess-tents, will be a great blessing to the men, and they enjoy it, if sharks do lurk farther out. The Cubans alone seem to despise such trifles, and once they swing their hammocks under the palm tents, they stick to them until they are turned out for duty.

About 10.30 o'clock a procession of boats left the *Marblehead* and moved in to the landing—a cutter first, with officers and armed men, and then a steam-launch towing a boat with men in bow and stern, and midship a silent figure covered with a flag—a Cuban who had been wounded the day before and had died on the ship. The boats landed at the little pier. A bugler sounds a few notes of the Dead March, and the column moves slowly up the brown hill. Flags are half-masted, and the soldier who had died bravely for "Cuba libre" is laid to rest beside the others who had given their lives for his cause as well as for their own starry flag; a silence for a time, and then a volley which marked the end; and the bugles blow a quicker step.

On board the *Dolphin*, in the great cool wardroom, now shorn of its luxurious fittings, lay three other poor Cubans, one very badly wounded, but being cared for by the good doctor. A fine-looking black fellow, done up in bandages and lying patiently on the long divan, opened his eyes as I gazed sympathetically at him for a minute, and then smiled in a proud way, as a soldier should who knew he had done his duty.

About one o'clock the *Texas* came steaming rapidly into the bay, and signalling the *Marblehead* to follow, swung around the low point of land which marks the entrance to the upper bay, at the head of which are the town and fort of Caimanera. The channel was known to be full of mines, and for several nights the *Marblehead's* launch had tried in vain to locate them or drag up the wires; but the *Texas* had orders to destroy the fort and drive out the thousand or more soldiers stationed there. So on she went, regardless, and the *Marblehead* quickly followed, and took position some distance beyond the *Texas* and to the left. It was a very pretty sight, and the *Texas* seemed to be calling by special invitation on the Dons. She swung up as close to the forts as she could go, dropped her anchor, and immediately opened fire from her port 12-inch and 6-inch guns. The *Marblehead* was close behind, and her 5-inch guns flashed and roared amid the deeper thunder of the battle-ship's big turret guns. The *Suwanee* had come from the fleet to take a hand in the proceedings, and she now took position to the right, and as near the shore as she could get, firing with her 4-inch and 6-pounder guns. The *St. Paul* had come in during the morning, and lay further out in the bay. Men crowded her rigging and swarmed at the mast-head and from every lofty perch on the *Dolphin* and all the vessels in the harbor. It was like a grand-stand view. Over the low shore they could see it all—the ships, the red-tiled roofs of town and fort, and where the shells struck and sent up the dust in thick clouds. The marines on their hill-top had even a better view, and lined up, watching it all with the greatest interest. The high hills in the background have been veiled in rain half the time during the past week, though not a drop has fallen down our way, and to-day the dark blue thunder-cloud lowering in the background made a fine setting for the ships and the wreathing smoke that floated across the bay and melted into the distance.

We had followed up after the ships, and lay as near as we could get to the *Suwanee*. The *Marblehead's* launch with a boat in tow was out looking for mines. They suspended their work temporarily and drew out of the way.

The *Texas* opened fire at forty-five minutes past one, and her shots followed one after the other with great deliberation and accuracy. Cheers burst frequently from the men watching as a shell from the 12-inch gun struck the fort, sending up a great cloud of yellow dust, followed by the tremendous roar of the big gun. The flash of the discharge and the effect of the exploding shell seem to be instantaneous; the eye cannot follow the difference; then comes the smoke rolling and swelling out in a vast cloud, and the shock of explosion reverberating and ringing in your ears.

Awe-inspiring as a thunder-storm is, the rapid firing of these big guns is even more so, and as you watch the dirt and dust spreading out in a thick cloud the force seems greater than it really is.

As only half the men on the *Texas* were engaged at the guns, her decks aft were crowded with men; officers on the bridge watched with glasses the effect of the shots, and Jackies no less interested climbed up anywhere to get a better view. The hose was kept playing to cool the ship, and a stream of water was running off the deck the entire time. We had the ship silhouetted by her own smoke most of the time, standing out in bold relief against the smoke and flame one instant, and the next enveloped in a thick haze.

Except for a few shots from the fort in the early part of the action, there was no reply to all this; its fire was badly aimed, as usual, and as ours became hotter, no doubt the garrison skedaddled. The *Marblehead* fired a number of shots into the barracks in the town, and after an hour and a quarter the firing ceased and the *Texas* withdrew. Having been in close enough to stick her nose into the mud, she left a trail of stirred-up water behind her. The *Marblehead*, in getting into position in the midst of the work, fouled a mine with her propeller blades; the ship was stopped, the wire hauled on board, and Lieutenant John Nickels, executive officer, calmly sawed off the connection. They afterwards pulled the thing on board, and we saw it on the poop-deck when the ship got back to her anchorage—a small can-buoy it looked, painted red, and with a lot of small barnacles sticking to it; it was dated 1896. Lieutenant Noel took off the war-head and dissected it; inside was an iron can containing one hundred pounds of guncotton, and had the contact been struck, it is probable that the *Marblehead* would have been destroyed. The launch tarried behind after the ships went back to their station, and continued dragging for mines. They found one after a while, and were getting it up when a lot of Spanish troops on shore opened fire on them. The bullets struck the launch and fell in the water all about the two boats. The one-pounder rapid-fire gun was quickly turned on, and the men grabbed their rifles and returned the fire vigorously. The one-pounder was banging away at a great rate, when the mounting got loose, and the gun jumped clear overboard.

Hearing the firing, the *Suwanee* hurried back, and began shelling the bushes with her six-pounders, and turning two Colt automatics loose on the hidden enemy, soon drove them off. The quick ping! ping! ping! of the little automatic's "lead-squirts," as the sailors call them, has a mighty comfortable sound when you are behind them. The launch got the mine and towed it alongside the ship, from where it was taken ashore.

Wednesday night and Thursday passed uneventfully, the war-ships turning their search-lights on the shore at night and keeping a close watch for trouble. On Friday morning the *Oregon* came in for coal, and soon had two big colliers on either side of her. As the bushes and trees on the north shore of the bay were still full of Spaniards, who only waited for an opportunity to pick off a man or two, the *Marblehead*, *Dolphin*, *Suwanee*, and *St. Paul* began shelling them out about ten o'clock, and fired for half an hour. The *St. Paul*, astern and slightly outside of us, made music with her shells that whistled through the air at a great rate. In the afternoon the *Oregon*, after coaling, fired a few shots, at the railroad station and telegraph offices in Caimanera; a train was standing on the track, and at the first shot stood not on the order of its going, but went shrieking up the line.

Bahia de Guantanamo, *Saturday, June 18.*

This morning about six o'clock we saw a white flag waving on the shore where yesterday's firing took place. The *Porter* went in and sent a boat to bring off a man, who claimed to be a Cuban; he was taken on board the *Marblehead* and given a suit of clothes and a square meal, and sent ashore to the Cubans armed with a Lee rifle and cartridge-belt with U.S.N. on it; later in the day it was reported that he had decamped, proving to be a spy. Notices have been posted up in the woods to the effect that men who want to surrender will be well treated; the Spanish officers tell their men that they will be killed if captured. One man came in with three Mauser rifles and a knapsack full of cartridges; he said that he had been in Cuba eleven months, had fine things promised him, but had never received any pay, and had had nothing to eat for three days; under the circumstances, he had decided to become an American if they would let him. A party of Cubans this afternoon explored the strip of woods shelled yesterday, and found over fifty dead Spaniards as a result of the firing. No wonder they dread our ships!

It is quite certain now, from explorations made to-day, that over three hundred were killed or died of their wounds in the woods as a result of their encounter with the marines in Saturday, Sunday, and Tuesday's fight.

About noon the *Marblehead's* launch, with Lieutenant Anderson in command, went up to Caimanera with a flag of truce to arrange an exchange of prisoners, with a view to getting Hobson and his men out of Morro. Nothing was accomplished, but the launch people reported that the fort, though badly damaged, was being repaired and new guns set up, and that the gunboat looked spick and span and ready for business yet. All are well ashore except some of the Cubans, who are suffering from over-eating and tight shoes, having never, many of them, worn shoes before in their lives. They have a bright new Cuban flag over their camp, and for them the prospects are brightening considerably. There is no doubt of their loyalty or courage, the last words of many of those who were killed being "Viva Cuba libre!"

Off Santiago, *Sunday, June 19, 1898.*

Except for a heavy ground-swell, the sea is as smooth as glass, and sparkles under the morning sun like a polished mirror. Looking over the ship's side, the blue water, cool and deep, is lit far down by myriad shafts of light;

fish swim about, touched with brilliant color, and sea-weed, beautiful and delicate, floats along on the lapis-lazuli surface. The ships dip slowly to the long swell; the bugles call the clean-jacketed sailors to Sunday morning inspection, and they crowd the decks in silent ordered lines that have no look of war.

The distant hills are shining through the mist—pale green, with blue shadows streaked across here and there—their edges and hard lines softened by the morning air and, coming down to the blue line of the sea in splendid sweeps of color, meet the white foam on the beach. The gray walls and towers of Morro stand out clear and distinct, the red and yellow flag floating above, and the fresh earth along the lower ridge alone telling of the week's work by the busy men in the beleaguered city. All is still and calm now, however, and on the *Texas*, near by, the church flag floats above the stars and stripes—the only flag that ever does—while all hands are called to prayers and a short sermon by the chaplain. Home and all that it means seem far away, but the simple ceremony, the order and quiet, come with soothing and cheering influence to many a tired man.

There are colliers and despatch-boats moving here and there among the scattered ships, and newly arrived and very welcome is the store-ship *Celtic*, which came down, convoyed by the *Dixie*, loaded with provisions for the fleet. Launches and cutters swarm about her, for fresh stores and fresh food of any kind are needed by nearly all the fighting-ships, which have been at sea three or four weeks, and all hands reduced to paymaster's stores—canned food and salt meat; no ice, and no fruit or vegetables. Fruit in the West Indian ports is so cheap and good that it seems remarkable some clever Yankee has not loaded up a steamerful, with ice, beer, tobacco, and small luxuries, and obtained permission to "bum-boat" the fleet. There's millions in it. Delicious pineapples, called "pines" down here, cost fifty cents a dozen at Kingston; bananas, fifteen cents a bunch; limes, oranges, mangoes, and similar things cost little on shore, but are priceless luxuries to a lot of men living on salty food and drinking lukewarm water. We usually supply ourselves liberally when in port, and carry enough to give some away to our friends for a few days, after which we are short till we make another run to a market.

Last night the *Vesuvius* fired three shots from her dynamite-guns into the batteries on shore. Her guns do not make much noise, but when the shells strike and explode, there is a sound as if a block of houses had fallen down in one awful and tremendous crash. One shot was fired from the west battery in return, but did no harm.

No doubt the reports from Santiago, *viâ* Kingston, of damage to the *Reina Mercedes*, *Vizcaya*, and other ships are intended to be misleading; yet it is scarcely possible that all the shells that have dropped into the harbor have been harmless, and though we have no certain information as to the actual loss caused to the enemy, it is fair to suppose that they have not all been in vain.

The Spaniards have been busy all the week strengthening the batteries to the westward of Morro, and one or two new and large guns have been mounted. These, it is supposed, were taken from some of the ships in the harbor. The east batteries have also been strengthened, and it does not seem likely that this peaceful manner of sitting down in front of the enemy and waiting for him to surrender will soon reduce the fortress of Santiago.

One thing is certain, that the sinking of the fine big *Merrimac* and her 2000 tons of coal has availed but little, as her spars, which alone interfere with the passage of a vessel, could be easily removed should the Spanish care to do so; but to the American fleet forcing a passage in, the sunken ship might be a far more serious obstacle.

The sight of so many fine ships loafing about and doing so little is rather discouraging; but the army is expected daily, and then some active operations will no doubt begin. In the mean time the weather has been fine, and everybody is well. The sea-breeze comes in every morning about ten o'clock—the sailors call it the doctor—and it cools with fragrant breath the fierce heat of the early morning.

OFF SANTIAGO, *Monday, June 20, 1898.*

Early this morning we were informed that the army transports had been sighted to the eastward. We ran out a few miles, and at ten o'clock had them in full view on the horizon. The day was perfect, a light breeze ruffling the long swell of the sea, the sky filled with brilliant clouds, the hills showing pale blue behind us, and the fresh morning air coming out of the southeast was like the breath of summer on the New England coast. Far down to the eastward the trailing smoke of the laggards reached to the limit of vision—thirty-five ships, counting the convoys; the big *Indiana* looming ponderous and powerful, and able to play well the part of protector.

The tug *Osceola* went in advance as scout, and the *Annapolis* guard-ship, second with the *Detroit* and *Machias*, torpedo-boat *Du Pont*, and other cruisers scattered down the line. The *Gloucester* went out to meet the fleet, and when they turned toward the land and mixed up the long line it reminded me of one of the great gatherings of vessels at an international yacht-race off Sandy Hook. Thousands of soldiers looked down from the decks, and at the blue hills they were coming to conquer.

There were cheers and shouts and waving of hats. The slow voyage was ended, and presently the booming of guns as the navy saluted the army welcomed them right royally. It was a scene to be remembered always, and one not often repeated, and would thrill the blood of the most indifferent patriot that ever lived.

> The army and navy forever,
> Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

ran in our thoughts, and hurrah was on the tip of every tongue. You couldn't help it. The Jackies grinned from their grim floating forts at the soldier boys, and sunburnt men who had tramped and ridden all over the plains of the West for Uncle Sam, but had never seen a foreign shore or a fleet of fighting-ships before, smiled back in return.

Certainly if the day was any omen it was a good one, and the army was introduced to Santiago under the most favorable circumstances. CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

A NAVAL DIARIST.*

AN old sailor's life is proverbially one of movement and unlimited reminiscence; and a book at hand, by Rear-Admiral Franklin (retired), of our own navy, is an example of how interesting and varied may be the years afloat and ashore. His pictures of our naval service under the régime of about the year 1842 are pertinent and striking—its discipline, its outward show, its morale. At the time of his first professional studies our naval schools were nearly non-existent. Even on a receiving-ship the tuition was poor, and in the steerage mess the midshipmen "lived like pigs." Rear-Admiral Franklin characterizes the "general tone and style" of excited sea diction as being "very much the same as Marryat describes"; and in his pointing out the American navy's customs as derived from those of the mother-country, he says that the resemblance "was so striking that but for the flag and the crown on the one, and the flag and the eagle on the other, one might have imagined himself, if his eyes had been suddenly unbandaged, to be on board a ship of either nation." As to our naval dress, Rear-Admiral Franklin notes that blue as the distinctive color for seamen's rig dates only from about the middle of the last century; that when he went to sea *one* epaulette was worn, rather than two—a mere detail of a lieutenant's uniform—and fixed on the right shoulder; and that "there was no objection to wearing high silk hats" with uniforms! The social memorabilia are many; and the grace of an old sailor's gallantry, and the warmth of long friendships in his profession, and a kind and generous nature pervade the volume. The chapters referring to the author's active service during the civil war are merely a few of those of special

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* *Memories of a Rear-Admiral* who has served for more than Half a Century in the Navy of the United States. By S. R. Franklin, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired). Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $3. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

(*Continued on page 676.*)

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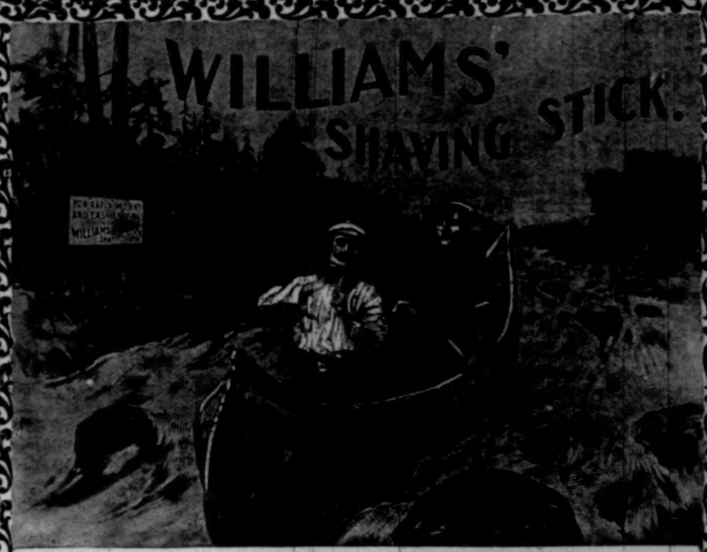
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(*Continued from page 675.*)

interest to American naval readers. They include a sketch-portrait of Farragut shortly after the attack on Mobile, and a vivid page describing the burning of the *Merrimac.* There is a ring of the present continual conflict between Spanish war despatches, as the Madrid journals report them, and the truth of matters, in such an anecdote as Rear-Admiral Franklin tells of his going to report at Norfolk the destruction of the *Merrimac.* He had witnessed the complete shattering of the dreaded ram by the explosion of the magazine. But on telling his story, "the flag-officer said to me, 'One of the officers of the *Merrimac* is here on leave, and he declared emphatically that the *Merrimac* has not been destroyed!' I replied that I did not care what he said, that there was no more doubt in my mind that the bones of the *Merrimac* were now at the bottom of the sea than that I was living at the moment. He then said, 'Oh, I am perfectly satisfied with the correctness of what you reported, *but let him enjoy his delusions.*'" (The italics are ours.) To Admiral Farragut we have this tribute from the author: "I think Farragut was the pluckiest man I ever knew. I think he was absolutely insensible to fear; indeed, that feeling did not enter into his make-up as a man at all. I do not believe that he could appreciate the meaning of the word." The style of Rear-Admiral Franklin's book, direct and simple, adds to the reader's pleasure in it; and whether he is describing an eruption of Mauna Loa, an evening at an opera of long ago, an interview with a Sultan of Turkey, a royal visit to a United States ship or a beautiful hostess at a dinner party, he is equally at ease and equally sincere in recording an impression. He was appointed an acting midshipman in 1841; and his long story seems short, so thoroughly interested is he in telling it to us.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 659.*)

range of the San Luis battery that commands the approach to Santiago from the southeast—a force of Cuban allies is posted; within the trochas that surround Santiago on three sides, from twelve to fifteen thousand Spanish soldiers, under Linares, expect attack. The indispensable Cubans play their parts, by command of the insurgent general Garcia, some along the woods west of Santiago to intercept re-enforcements for the beleaguered town despatched by Blanco, some to block the way between Santiago and Caimanera (Guantanamo Bay) on the east, while three thousand, led by Garcia in person, have been brought in our transports to-day from Aserradero to Siboney, an anchorage six miles southeast of Sevilla. Within the harbor, Cervera's fleet; just beyond its entrance, Sampson's war-ships, guarding against a possible evasion—now that the sunken *Merrimac* is admitted to be not a complete obstruction in the channel. On land there is no marked disparity in the opposing forces, and re-enforcements for either or both may arrive before the blow is struck. The *Yale*, with a force of volunteers, should reach the coast and land her men to-morrow, while General Pando, with eight thousand Spaniards from Manzanillo, may attempt the rescue of Linares. To intercept Pando's re-enforcements has been Garcia's chief anxiety. A little pause will be given to our side while the paths from the coast are being widened into roads over which cannon may be hauled up to points commanding a beautiful old city with an ugly flounce of trenches and barbed-wire on its outskirts. Heavier guns are still to be landed; a few Gatling, Hotchkiss, and field guns have reached the front. It is reported that every road and path leading to Santiago has been mined with dynamite—a Spanish offset to the *Vesuvius*, "earthquake-thrower," that night after night has been "coughing" at the defences near the harbor's mouth. "Rough Riders" and dismounted regular cavalry encamp to-night on a plain within three miles of Santiago.

Monday, June 27.—Our marines at Camp McCalla, now in undisputed control of the outer bay, ask permission to attack the Spanish garrison at Caimanera, on the western shore of the landlocked portion of the harbor. A despatch from Miss Clara Barton announces her arrival at the landing-place in Guantanamo Bay, and states that Red Cross tents have already been erected.

Admiral Camara has received orders from Madrid, it is said, to proceed through the Suez Canal with the war-ships under his command. Our consul at Port Said has protested against permitting the Spanish fleet to refill its bunkers with coal there.

An official bulletin of the Navy Department announces that "Commodore Watson sails to-day in the cruiser *Newark* to join Admiral Sampson at Santiago, where he will take under his command an armored squadron, with cruisers, and proceed at once to the Spanish coast." Another official bulletin, subsequently posted, adds the information that "this squadron will sail for the coast of Spain immediately." The Bureau of Navigation has given to the press the following particulars: "Commodore J. A. Howell is assigned to the command of the First Squadron of the North Atlantic fleet. Commodore W. S. Schley is assigned to the command of the Second Squadron of the North Atlantic fleet. Commodore John C. Watson is assigned to the command of the Eastern Squadron. The Eastern Squadron will be composed of the following vessels: Flag-ship *Newark*, battle-ship *Iowa*, battle-ship *Oregon*, cruiser *Yosemite*, cruiser *Yankee*, cruiser *Dixie*, and the colliers *Scindia*, *Abarenda*, and *Alexander*."

The third expedition to the Philippines, commanded by General Arthur McArthur, who makes the *Indiana* his flag-ship, sails from San Francisco. The other vessels starting to-day are the *City of Para*, *Ohio*, and *Morgan City*. The *Valencia* will sail to-morrow.

Brigadier-General R. T. Frank, who succeeded Major-General Wesley Merritt in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, New York, is relieved of that command and ordered to report in person to the Secretary of War for assignment to duty. Brigadier-General G. L. Gillespie is ordered to take command of the Department of the East.

Tuesday, June 28.—From Cape Frances, the southeastern point in the province of Pinar del Rio, to Cape Cruz, the southwestern point in the province of Santiago de Cuba, every port but one has been an open door through which supplies could freely pass to the Spanish army of occupation. Notice was served to-day that these doors have been closed. President McKinley's proclamation of this date declares that "in addition to the blockade of the ports specified in my proclamation of April 22, 1898, the United States of America has instituted and will maintain an effective blockade of all of the ports on the south coast of Cuba, from Cape Frances to Cape Cruz, inclusive, and also of the port of San Juan, in the island of Porto Rico." The reference in the last clause is to the blockade of San Juan by the *St. Paul* (Captain Sigsbee), which has been in effect for a week already. As for Captain Sigsbee's efficiency in that command, a striking bit of evidence is supplied in the bulletin posted by the Navy Department to-day:

> Captain Sigsbee reports that on Wednesday afternoon, while off San Juan, Porto Rico, he was attacked by a Spanish unprotected cruiser and the Spanish torpedo-boat-destroyer *Terror*. The *Terror* made a dash, which was awaited by the *St. Paul*. The *St. Paul* hit the *Terror* three times, killing one officer and two men and wounding several others. The *Terror* dropped back under cover of the fortifications with difficulty, and was towed into the harbor in a sinking condition, where she is now being repaired. Later a cruiser and a gunboat started out, but remained under protection of the forts.

Wednesday, June 29.—General Shafter reports that Spanish re-enforcements for General Linares, numbering eight thousand, with pack-trains and droves of animals, are advancing from Manzanillo to the relief of Santiago. An equal force (*i. e.*, eight or nine thousand men, General Snyder's division of the Fourth Army Corps) is now leaving Tampa for Santiago to aid Shafter.

Major-General Merritt, sailing for Manila this morning on the *Newport*, expects to overtake the transports of the third Philippine expedition.

The Navy Department makes public this afternoon a portion of a despatch from Admiral Dewey, dated at Cavité, June 23, as follows:

> No change in the situation since my telegram of June 17. Five German, three British, one French, one Japanese men-of-war in port. Insurgents constantly closing in on city. Aguinaldo, insurgent leader, with thirteen of his staff, arrived June 19, by my permission, on the *Nan Chan*. He established himself at Cavité, outside the arsenal, under the protection of our guns, and organized his army. The progress of Aguinaldo has been wonderful. He has invariably conducted the war humanely. My relations with him are cordial, but my conferences have been only of a personal nature.

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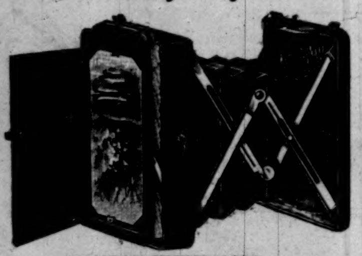
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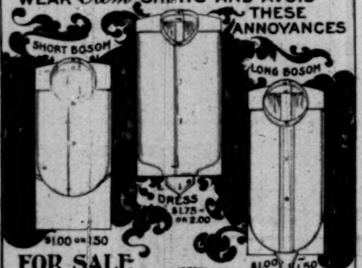

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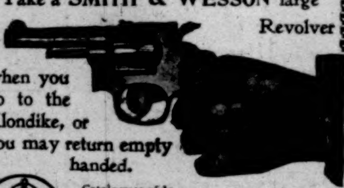
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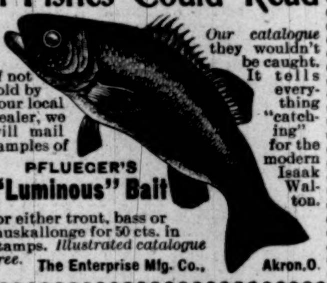
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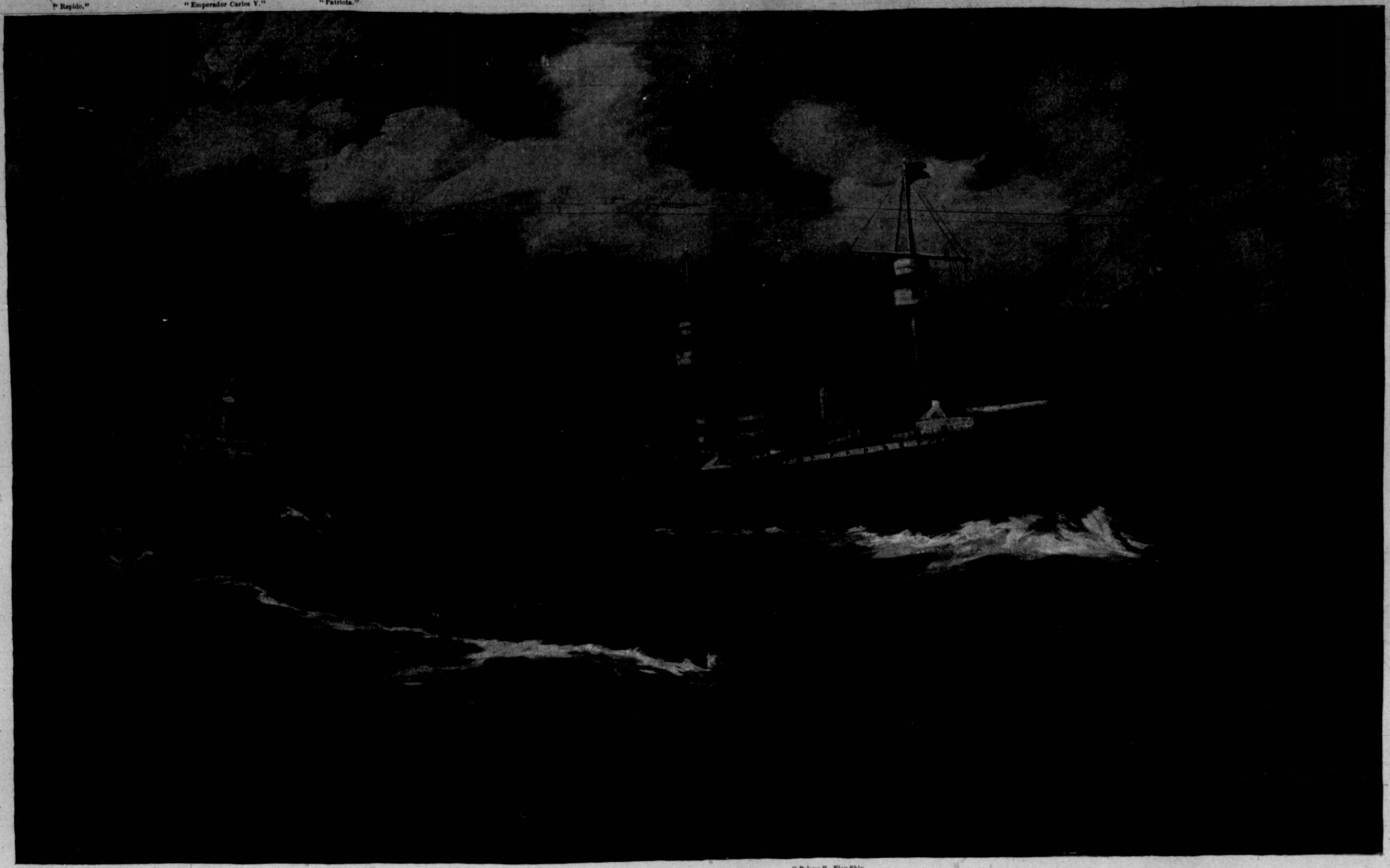
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THE SPANISH RESERVE SQUADRON, UNDER COMMAND OF ADMIRAL CÁMARA, ON ITS WAY TO PORT SAID.—DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

March 12, 1898.

Word was brought to Dawson of the state of the water at the Yukon flats. A great tide of human beings was pouring into Dawson by way of the Chilkoot passes, and Captain Hansen, manager of the A. C. Company, saw that if the boats did not get up the river the situation would be extremely critical. He went down in the A. C. boat *Marguerite* to Fort Yukon, where he learned of the alleged failure of the boats to pass over the bars, and assuming, it is said, that a *bona fide* effort had been made, he returned to Dawson, reporting that low water would not allow the other boats, the *Bella* and the *Weare*, to get up, that there was a shortage of provisions, and that those who had no grub must flee for their lives. There was held a series of meetings to discuss the grave situation. Captain Hansen, greatly wrought up, went about, up and down the streets, addressing crowds of men, urging them to go! go!

Healy of the N. A. T. Company, in what we can attribute to nothing else than the narrowest spirit of business rivalry, kept telling every one that there would be no shortage of grub, no starvation, and he posted a public notice to that effect. A meeting was held, in which the companies were called upon to state how far they could be depended upon. It was shown that if the other boats did not get up, there was not sufficient grub for all in the country. Healy admitted this to be the case. His attention was thereupon called to the sign he had posted, and it was taken down. The miners and people of Dawson, as the situation grew more serious, held angry meetings, and organized a committee of twelve, who called upon the small Mounted Police force, announcing their intention to divide up evenly what grub the stores had, and warning the police of the uselessness of making resistance. The officer in command went to Captain Hansen and Captain Healy, and told them that to make resistance with the handful of men at his command was simple suicide. The companies thereupon set about to defend themselves; and the A. C. Company, for one, barricaded the doors of its corrugated metal warehouse with provisions and supplies, and armed its employés with Winchesters. The day before the day set for the division, to the relief of all, and no doubt to the astonishment of Captain Hansen, the *Weare* steamed into the dock, followed a few days later (on September 30) by the *Bella*, both boats reporting a hold-up at Circle City. The *Bella* was thirty-five tons short, and the *Weare* twenty-five tons. The boats had been ordered to leave no cargo at Circle City, but to proceed on to Dawson, the point most in need of relief, Circle City being 280 miles nearer the food centre. In consequence of the danger of starvation, and the excitement at Dawson, and Hansen's report that the boats would not get up, the inhabitants at Circle City determined to stop the boats and take enough supplies by force to put themselves beyond danger. When the *Weare* arrived the boat was boarded by men armed with Winchesters, and the captain ordered to take off a part of his cargo, and at the same time the money was tendered to pay for the goods in full. The captain of the *Weare* made angry protest, but was forced to land twenty-five tons. She was believed to carry 200 to 250 tons of cargo of all kinds. It is charged that a large part of this was whiskey, or rather one way of putting it is that some charge that if the *Weare* had carried flour in place of the whiskey she had aboard, all danger of famine would have been removed. When the *Weare* was about to start up, the N. A. T. passengers who had come as far as Circle City applied for passage, but were denied it, on the ground that orders were for nothing but freight to be taken to Dawson. Three days later the *Bella* arrived at Circle City. The miners met her at the dock, and demanded the removal of her cargo. An eye-witness describes the scene as follows:

"The *Bella* arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. It was dark, and quite a number of people were on the dock. When the gang-plank was fast, a committee of miners went aboard and told the captain that they had held a miners' meeting at the A. C. store that day, that they were short of grub a certain amount, that the committee had a list thereof, and they gave the captain a copy and told him they wanted the grub left at the warehouse at Circle, and if he would not willingly do so they would compel him to. They claimed, in the first place, that they needed the grub; in the second place, that it belonged to the citizens of the United States, and that the company had no right to ship it out to Canada. The matter was referred to Captain Rae of the United States army, who was a passenger on the boat. Captain Rae told the committee that the cargo did not belong to the company, but had been sold (and the money taken) in Dawson, and they were trying to get it there. The committee replied that it did not make any difference, they were going to have it anyway, and they sent a committee down to open the hatch. Captain Rae again appealed to them. He told them it was lawlessness, against order, and not the proper thing to do at all; that if he had any soldiers he would see that they did not do it, he would undertake to fight them, but he was but one man with one gun. He told them he wished they would remember the people up-river, who perhaps were needing provisions a great deal more than they; that they might go and take out stuff, but without his permission, and he urged them to take as little as possible. He further told them that such practices were bad in a new country like this, and that it would lead to more wrong actions. He promised them that another year he would have soldiers, and they would not dare to do such a thing then. There were, no doubt, men in Circle City who, if they found out they could hold up a boat with provisions consigned to Dawson, would hold up the same boat from Dawson with gold consigned to Seattle."

The miners listened to the speech of Captain Rae, and then set to work unloading. They worked from half past nine till one, removing thirty-five tons of the boat's cargo, such as flour, bacon, hams, canned goods, etc. The *Bella* reached Dawson with eighty tons.

Before starting, the *Bella*, in contrast to the action of the other company, took aboard a number of her own passengers, dropping a barge she had in tow, and even three passengers of the N. A. T. Company, making scant forty in all. There was talk at Meneck of holding up the *Bella*, as there was but seven months' grub to last nine months, but the miners at a meeting decided not to do so.

On the arrival of the boats Hansen continued to urge the people to go, and meetings were being held all the while. Hansen offered the free use of the *Bella* to those wishing to go down. Healy made a charge of fifty dollars to those who went on his boat, the *Weare*. Hansen further told the people that if any were short he would supply them with grub to Forty Mile, and at that place the storekeeper of the A. C. Company would supply them with grub to Circle, and if any were without money grub was to be supplied them free of cost. Of those who got up-river, about thirty had to go back, and thus of all the number who started for the gold-fields after the arrival of the *Portland* with her gold, not over a dozen were able to remain at Dawson. Thus were the hardships of the trail compensated for by the disappointments of the easier and less expensive route.

The *Bella* remained but twenty-four hours before pulling out. The river was running full of ice, and navigation was dangerous. When the boat reached Circle the captain considered it unwise to go on. The passengers urged the captain to do so, and threatened to take charge of the boat themselves; but next morning, when they were about to carry out their threat, the boat was frozen fast in the ice. Many went down in small boats. The old-timers, who knew better than any one else, were the very first to leave. The whole number that went down river was perhaps three or four hundred. Among them were many of the new arrivals, and it marks the seriousness of the situation when officials of the new government, such as the Gold Commissioner's assistant and a party of surveyors, had to keep straight on.

All haste was made by those going the other way. Men with hand sleds, with now and then a dog team, were leaving in batches of twenty to fifty a day after the 1st of November. The price of everything necessary for the trip out rose, until dogs brought as high as $300 apiece. A basket sledge cost $75; dog feed, $1 a pound; snow-shoes, $30; moccasins, $7 50 to $10; moose-hide mittens, $7 50 to $10. The dog-teamsters were making money by taking parties out; $600 to $1000 was the price for passage, and that price has ruled during the winter. The situation was relieved by many of those who came in with short supplies selling their outfits. A four-thousand-pound outfit sold for $4000; $1 a pound ruled. Outfits were eagerly snatched up at that price. The restaurants were the most eager buyers. There were two in the place. They were running about half the time. They would have to close until another outfit could be had. Meats were $3 50; porterhouse steak, $8; coffee, 50 cents; pie or sandwich, 75 cents; cocoa, $1 50 a cup; and everything else in proportion. These prices continued the same until the 1st of March, when a meal could be had for $2.

Quantities of meat came to Dawson. The Indians turned in thousands of pounds of moose meat. Last year they got $30 a ham; formerly, at Forty Mile, $3 50 a ham; now they get $90 to a $100. Jack Dalton brought a hundred head of cattle over his trail to mouth of Pelly about June 1, butchered them, and rafted down, and a man named Cameron brought sixty more by same trail. Fern took seventy, William Perdue seventy, and Hibbard Norton eighteen to Five Fingers by branch of Dalton's Trail. W. S. Courtnay drove 595 head of sheep to mouth of Pelly. Both Courtnay and Perdue, starting late, had experiences in the river never to be forgotten. Prices of meat have been $1 to $1 50 a pound. The grub question has been the one question all winter. Numerous parties went out with the intention of tramping in in the spring. Supplies can be brought down river on the water before the steamers arrive. The miners, wherever one goes, appear to be well supplied, and do not stint themselves nor allow others to do so. There has been no speculation in grub among the old-timers. There has been much swapping and selling of flour, but always at $6 a sack. Flour has been gradually coming down, $50 prevailing during the winter. At the beginning of March, however, there was a sudden slump, and flour could be had for $25. It appears as if every one had been hoarding flour, until all at once they saw the end of winter and the relief of the situation, though there are many, many people who have run short, and are going either hungry or on one meal a day. There is no need of this, as food can be had for price, and Dawson is an easy place to make money for a man of resource who will work hard. There is more flour than anything else now, but other things have gone up. Butter is $2 50 a pound; lard the same; chocolate, $3 a pound; condensed milk, $1 25.

The N. A. T. Company was utterly unable to fill its orders, and there has been much bitterness among the miners. The A. C. filled all its orders. After the A. C. was sold out the N. A. T. began putting on its shelves various goods, and the prices raised, the pretence being made that it is stuff freighted up from Forty Mile. That's the Yukon way of conducting business. At the A. C. store Indians and women of the town have been able to buy anything, even flour, but no one else. The N. A. T. Company also has its favorites. Some can buy, others not. Nearly everything sold is on order. It is a favor of the most marked kind. The stock in both stores is very small. One of the clerks in the store remarked, laughingly, that that was the first place he was ever in where the less you could sell the better clerk you proved to be.

If grub has been scarce, there has appeared to be no end of liquor, but even that is giving out. Alcohol has been selling at $3300 a cask. Nails, for some singular reason, are scarce, being worth $5 a pound, $500 a keg; in connection with which there is an old man hard at work on the contract of removing the nails from the charred wood-work of the old opera-house that was burned the opening night, in return for the privilege of panning out the gold-dust dropped into the sawdust of the saloon. Coal-oil, too, has been $40 a gallon; candles, $40 a box.

Wages have been $1 50 an hour, but, on account of the short days, men have not averaged more than $6 to $7 a day. Of the new-comers, many took lays to work for one-half, a section of forty feet, on good claims, and went to work sinking holes. An astonishing number of these lays have been thrown up, for reasons to be explained at length later. Many men have been doing well cutting and sawing wood at $30 to $40 a cord. More who want to take no chances are working for wages. Little actual prospecting has been done by any one. Yet it has been nothing but a succession of stampedes all winter, at present over 7000 claims having been staked and recorded.

We had no communication with the outside world until January 4, when the official mail arrived, and on the 25th of February forty dogs brought in part of the regular mail, much more being left behind at Little Salmon, some having come direct from Dyea. The provisional government were ice-bound at Big and Little Salmon. Some of them have arrived just now. Major Walsh, the commissioner of the new "Yukon Provisional District," is still at Big Salmon, and over half a ton of mail yet at Little Salmon. The river closed in November, and there were many narrow escapes at all points.

There have been numerous cases of freezing of toes and hands, and even lives lost, but the winter has been unusually mild. A double clean-up will go out this year. Much work is being done on Eldorado and Bonanza. A striking thing is the small amount of work done on the several creeks, the very great unevenness of the pay, and the great confidence in the creeks. The country is full of gold, but at the present time it has hardly been prospected. As soon as the river froze those stranded at Circle and below began to work toward Dawson.

Al Thayer and George Ransbury, N. A. T. Company passengers, were the first to reach here, having left Circle October 30, with six dogs and two sleds, in company with an Indian guide, Paul. They brought enough provisions to take them back to Circle if necessary, and a large supply of candles and moccasins to sell for ready cash—a total weight of 1000 pounds. They were thirty-eight days in an extremely cold snap, and had to chop a trail forty times across the Yukon ice. Thayer, beyond a doubt, saved the lives of Joaquin Miller and his companion, W. H. E. Canovan, who left Circle ahead of them with a hand-sled, against the urgent advice of those familiar with the hardships and dangers of winter travel in the snow. It is just the sort of thing Miller has been doing ever since he started to come here with $50 in his pocket, and is characteristic of the man who in his reports is still advising more men with $50 in their pocket to come in to the Yukon. Thayer passed Miller on the opposite side of the river, broke down at Charley River, eighty miles out, and in consequence was overtaken. With 150 miles still ahead of them, Miller had the following supply of food: 2½ lbs. German sausage, 6 lbs. bacon, 6 lbs. pilot-bread, 10 lbs. beans, and they bought 6 lbs. of moose meat at Charley River. Exchanging their sleds, Thayer took them in charge and brought them on to Dawson. Miller is advising people about this country, using the prestige of his name as a writer of fiction and poetry. He is not fitted to advise who came into this ill-provided country without an outfit, and who has been from the start, and is now, dependent wholly on the bounty and foresight of others. Poetry is out of place here in winter, unless the dreams of the dreamer can thaw the frozen mercury or satisfy the demands of a Yukon appetite.

On the 16th of February A. E. Carr, otherwise known as Jack Carr, arrived with the mails, having made the remarkable journey of 1700 miles from St. Michael, leaving there Thanksgiving day. He has passed on toward Dyea.

Tappan Adney.

THE SHOW.

"Come in, come in!" the Showman cries;
  And touts with clattering, fleshless jaws.
"My panorama edifies,
  My portraits catch even Hell's applause.
I've store of paintings praised Below,
  With scenes to make Friend Satan vain.
But none such mastery can show
  As these—the ghastly art of Spain.

"From burning homes, from screw and rack
  See Jewish maids and graybeards flee;
With branded brow and livid back,
  The pillaged Moors attain the sea.
And, pray, admire these dungeons grim,
  That stake, those robes with tongues of flame!
They wrought their work as serving Him
  A Torquemada dared to name.

"Roll on, my show! Dark Alva here,
  My apt lieutenant, sullen stands—
Stranger to mercy as to fear—
  Apollyon of the Netherlands.
And there, toward helpless England's shore,
  The dread Armada glides, ill-starred;
My harvest had been thousands more
  Had Ireland's reefs forgot their guard!

"Ho, for the New World! Knife in hand,
  Their victims gasping at their feet,
See false Menendez and his band,
  Their master-butchery complete.
In tortures that a fiend might dread,
  Lo, shrieking Incas gold upyield.
And look! The Spanish Main runs red,
  The Spanish pirates' booty-field.

"Now note what horrors choice I have;
  The Eastern Indies' story rare.
The blazing hut, the ravished slave
  Define the Spaniard's fostering care.
And, next, baptized with sister-name,
  The Western Isles present their ring,
By Spanish crime, for Spanish shame,
  A record filled to festering!

"And last, I show thee, blackened jewel,
  Of all the Antilles carcanet!
What! Didst thou fancy Time's long school
  Could make the Spaniard human yet?
Scourged—prostrate—with thy strangled cry,
  I, Death, have seemed thy friend—of all!
Despair not! In the darkening sky
  Justice and vengeance wait to fall!"

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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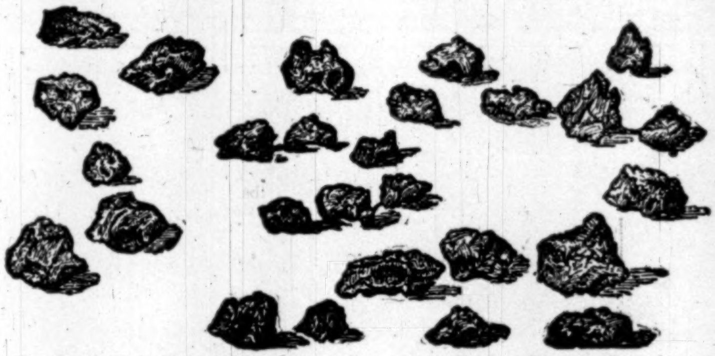
Nature's Antidote to Uric Acid Poisoning

Dr. C. H. Davis, *of Meriden, Conn., reports in "New England Medical Monthly."*

"Mr. R. L. Roys, of this city, consulted me about two years ago for **Stone** in the **Bladder, from which he had been suffering for years.** On my suggestion he commenced the use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as he was very much opposed to operative interference. **After using the Water for a short time, disintegration** to a certain extent took place and **large quantities of stone were passed. For several days in succession he passed as much as a teaspoonful of the debris, and at intervals for a considerable period he passed large quantities,** and under the continued use of the Water **there was a constant passage of Calculi until he was entirely relieved."**



"The photograph herewith is a correct representation and exact size of some of the largest specimens of calculi discharged by Mr. Roys. A chemical and microscopical analysis showed that they are URIC ACID with a trace of the Oxalate of Lime."

Possessing the power to disintegrate and eliminate Uric Acid in the form of Calculi, it goes without saying that it is equally potent as a **preventive** of the accumulation of **Uric Acid** or its **Salts** in the system, constituting it both a powerful remedy for and **preventive** of all **Uric Acid Poisoning,** embracing **Gout, Lithæmia, Rheumatism, Calculi, Bright's Disease, Herpetiform Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Depression, Nervous Irritability,** some forms of **Dyspepsia** and **Asthma, Eczemas and undefinable ills without end. Pimples, Blotches** and other **facial eruptions** due to excess of **Uric Acid** are not only removed by this Water, but it imparts **a smoothness** and **softness to the skin,** and a **clearness to the complexion not to be obtained from any of the cosmetics of the shops.**

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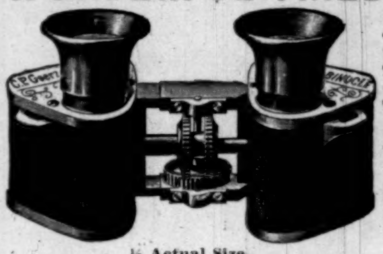

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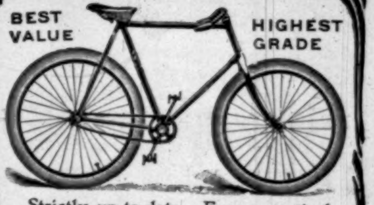

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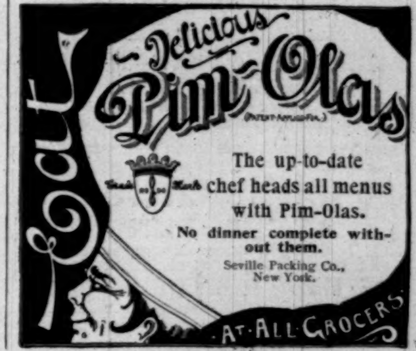

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